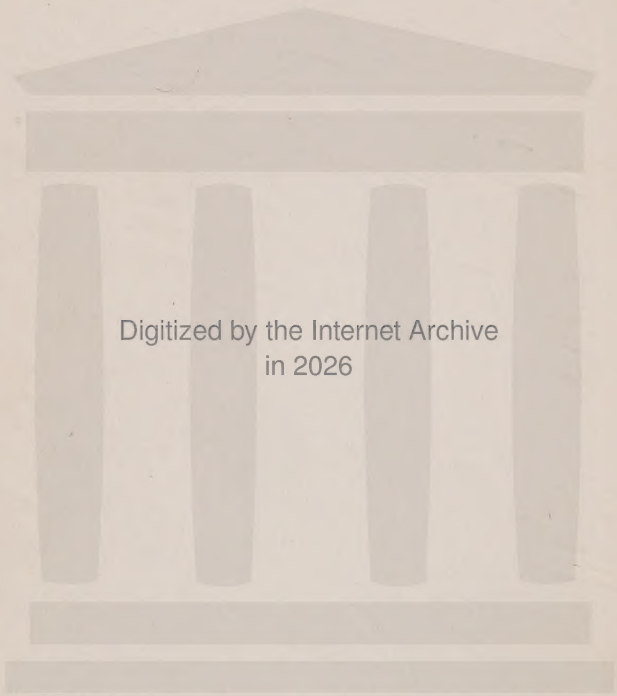
BUNNY BROWN
AND HIS SISTER SUE
AT CAMP REST-A-WHILE

LAURA LEE HOPE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"NOW WHERE ARE YOUR POTATOES, UNCLE TAD?" SUE ASKED. "HERE THEY ARE!" SAID THE OLD SOLDIER.

Frontispiece (*Page* 75.)

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Camp Rest-a-While.

BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AT CAMP REST-A-WHILE

BY

LAURA LEE HOPE

AUTHOR OF
THE BUNNY BROWN SERIES, THE BOBBSEY TWINS SERIES, THE OUTDOOR GIRLS SERIES, ETC.

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BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE PLAYING CIRCUS
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Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Camp Rest-A-While

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BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUE AT CAMP REST-A-WHILE

CHAPTER

GRANDPA'S TENT

"BUNNY! Bunny Brown! There's a wagon stoppin' in front of our house!"

"Is there? What kind of a wagon is it, Sue?"

The little girl, who had called to her brother about the wagon, stood with her nose pressed flat against the glass of the window, looking out to where the rain was beating down on the green grass of the front yard. Bunny Brown, who had been playing with a tin locomotive that ran on a tiny tin track, put his toy back in its box.

"What kind of a wagon is it, Sue?" he asked his sister again.

"It isn't a grocery wagon," Sue answered

slowly. "Not a grocery wagon, like the one we rode in once, when we gave all those things to Old Miss Hollyhock."

"Has it got any letters on it?" Bunny wanted to know. He was on his way to the window now, having taken up the toy railroad track, with which he was tired playing.

"Yes, it's got a E on it," Sue said, "and next comes the funny letter, Bunny, that looks like when you cross your legs or fingers."

"That's a X," said Bunny. He knew his letters better than did Sue, for Bunny could even read a little. "What's the next letter, Sue?"

Bunny could have run to the window himself, and looked out, but he wanted to pick up all the things with which he had been playing. His mother had always made him do this—put away his toys when he was through.

"What's the next letter, Sue?" Bunny Brown asked.

Sue was not quite sure of it. She put her little head to one side so she might see better. Just then a man jumped off the seat, and splashed through a muddy puddle as he walked around to the end of the wagon.

"Oh, Bunny!" Sue cried. "The man's going to bring something here, I guess. He's taking out a big bundle."

"Maybe it's a wagon from the store," said Bunny. And, as he looked out through the window glass, pressing his nose flat against it, as his sister Sue had done, he spelled out the word:

EXPRESS

"That's an express wagon, Sue," said Bunny.

"What's express?" Sue wanted to know.

"That means when you're in a hurry," Bunny said. "You know, when we're playing train, sometimes I'm an express train, and I go awful fast."

"Yes, I 'member that," said Sue. "Once, when we hitched our dog, Splash, up to our express wagon, he went so fast he spilled me out."

"Well, that's express," Bunny went on. "When you went out of the wagon so fast you were an express."

"I don't like express, then," said Sue. "I like to go slower. But that can't be an express wagon, then, Bunny."

"Why not?"

"'Cause that's not goin' fast. It's jest standin' still."

"Oh, well, when it does go, it goes fast. That's an express wagon, all right. Somebody's sent us something by express. Oh, Sue, I wonder what it is?"

Sue shook her head. She did not know, and she could not guess. She was watching the man out in the rain—the expressman who was trying to get something out of the back of his wagon. It was a big bundle, that was sure, because Bunny and Sue could see the end of it.

"I wonder if it's a present for us?" Sue asked.

"It can't be a present," answered Bunny. "It isn't Christmas. Don't you remember, Sue, we had Christmas at Aunt Lu's city home."

"So we did, Bunny. But it's *something,* anyhow."

That was certain, for now the man was pulling a very large bundle out of his wagon. It was so large that he could not carry it all alone, and he called for Sam, the stable man,

to come and help him. With the help of Sam, the expressman carried the package back into the barn.

"Oh, I wonder what it is?" said Sue.

"We'll go and ask mother," suggested Bunny. "She'll know."

Together, the children fairly ran upstairs to their mother's sitting room, where she was sewing.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Sue. "There's a fast wagon out in front—a fast wagon and——"

"A fast wagon, Sue? What do you mean? Is it stuck fast in the mud?" Mrs. Brown asked.

"No, she means an express wagon," said Bunny, with a laugh. "I told her express was fast, Mother."

"Oh, I see," and Mrs. Brown smiled.

"But the express wagon did stop," went on the little boy. "It stopped here, and Sam and the man took out a big bundle. It's up in our barn. What is it, Mother?"

"I don't know, Bunny. Something your father sent for, perhaps. He may tell us what it is when he comes."

"May we go out and look at it?" Sue asked.

"No, dear, not in this rain. Can't you wait until daddy comes home?"

"Yes, but I—I don't want to, Mother."

"Oh, well, we have to do many things in this world that we don't want to. Now go and play with your dolls, or something. I think daddy will be home early to-night, on account of the storm. Then he'll tell you what's in the bundle."

"Does Sam know?" asked Bunny, as he watched the express wagon drive away.

"Perhaps he does," answered Mrs. Brown.

"Then we can ask him!" exclaimed Sue. "Come on, Bunny!"

"No, dears, you mustn't go out to the barn in this rain. You'd get all wet."

"I could put on my rubber coat," suggested Bunny.

"And so could I—and my rubber boots," said Sue.

Both children seemed to want very much to know what was in the express package. But when Mrs. Brown said they could not go out she meant it, and the more Bunny Brown and

his sister Sue teased, the oftener Mrs. Brown shook her head.

"No, you can't go out and open that bundle," she said. "And if you tease much more daddy won't even tell you what's in it when he comes home. Be good children now."

Bunny and Sue did not often tease this way, for they were good children. But this day was an unpleasant, rainy one. They could not go out to have fun, because of the rain, and they had played with all their toys, getting tired of them, one after another.

"Mother, if we can't go out to the barn, could we have our dog, Splash, in here to play with us?" asked Bunny, after a while. "We could hitch him to a chair, and make believe it was an express wagon."

"Oh, yes!" cried Sue. "And you could be the driver, Bunny, and you could leave a package at my house—make believe, you know—and then I wouldn't know what was in it, and I could guess, and you could guess. We could play a guessing game; will you, Bunny?"

"Yes, I'll play that. May we have Splash in, Mother?"

"No, dear."

"Oh, why not?"

"Because I just saw Splash splashing through a puddle of muddy water. If he came in now he'd get you all dirty and he would spoil my carpet."

"But what *can* we do, Mother?" Sue asked, and her voice sounded almost as if she were going to cry.

"We want to do *something,*" added Bunny.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Brown, yet she could not help smiling. Rainy days were hard when two children had to stay in the house all the while.

"We can play 'spress wagon without Splash!" exclaimed Sue, for she was a good little girl, and did not want to make her mother worry.

"All right," agreed Bunny. "We'll just make believe we have Splash with us to pull the pretend wagon."

He and Sue often played pretend, and make-believe, games, and they had much fun this way. Now they turned one chair on the side, and put another in front. The turned-

over chair was to be the wagon, and the other chair, standing on its four legs, was the horse. Bunny got some string for reins, and the stick the washerwoman used to punch the clothes down in the boiler made a good whip, when another piece of string was tied on the end of that.

"Giddap!" cried Bunny, sitting on a stool behind the chair-horse. "Giddap! This is an express wagon, and we've got to hurry."

"You must leave a package for me!" cried Sue. "This is my house, over on the couch," and she curled up in a lump. "And this is my little girl," she went on, pointing to one of her dolls, which she had taken into her "house" with her. "If I'm asleep—make-believe, you know," said Sue to Bunny, "you tell my little girl to wake me up."

"Pooh! I can't talk to a doll!" cried Bunny.

"Yes, you can, too," said his sister. "Just *pretend,* you know."

"Well, even if I do, how can your doll talk to you, and wake you up?"

"Oh, Bunny! I'm only going to be make-believe asleep, and of course a doll, who can

pretend to talk, can make-believe wake me up as easy as anything, when I'm only make-believe asleep."

"Oh, all right, if it's only make-believe," agreed Bunny. "Giddap, Splash! I've named the make-believe chair-horse the same as our dog," he explained to Sue.

Then the game began, and the children played nicely for some time, giving Mrs. Brown a chance to finish her sewing. Bunny and Sue took turns driving the "express wagon," and they had left many pretend bundles at each other's houses, when a step was heard in the front hall, and Bunny and Sue cried:

"Daddy! Daddy! Oh, daddy's come home!"

They made a rush for their father, and both together cried out:

"Oh, Daddy, a express package came! What's in it?"

"Did a package come?" asked Mr. Brown, as he took off his wet coat, for it was still raining.

"Yep! It's out in the barn," said Bunny Brown.

"Oh, please tell us the secret!" begged Sue. "I know it must be a secret, or mother would have told us."

Mrs. Brown smiled.

"The children have teased all afternoon to know what was in the bundle," she said.

"Well, I'll tell them," said Daddy Brown. "The package, that came by express, has in it grandpa's tent."

"Grandpa's tent!" cried Bunny.

"The one we played circus in, out in the country?" Sue demanded.

"The same one," answered Daddy Brown, with a laugh.

"Oh, are we going to have another circus?" cried Bunny, joyously.

"Now sit down and I'll tell you all about it," said Daddy Brown, and he took Bunny up on one knee, and Sue on the other.

CHAPTER II

A GRAND SURPRISE

"DON'T you want to have supper first?" asked Mrs. Brown, as she saw her husband sit down in the easy chair, with Bunny and Sue.

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," he said. "I came home early to-night, because there were only a few boats out, on account of the storm. I might just as well tell the children about the surprise before we eat."

"Oh, then it's a surprise!" cried Sue, clapping her hands.

"Why, yes, I rather think you'll be surprised when you hear about it," answered Daddy Brown.

"And is it a secret, too?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Well, you don't know what it is yet; do you?" inquired his father.

Bunny shook his head.

"Well, then," went on Daddy Brown with a smile, "if there is something nice you don't know, and someone is going to tell you, I guess that's a surprise; isn't it?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Sue. "And now, Daddy, don't tease us any more. Just tell us what it is? Will we like it?"

"Can we play with it?" Bunny wanted to know.

Mr. Brown laughed so hard that Sue nearly fell off one knee, and Bunny off the other.

"What is it, Daddy?" asked the little boy. What's so funny?"

"Oh, just you—and Sue," said Mr. Brown, still shaking up and down and sideways with laughter. "You are in a great hurry to have me tell you the surprise, and yet you keep on asking questions, so I have to answer them before I tell you."

"You asted the most questions, Bunny," said Sue, shaking her finger at him.

"No, I didn't. You did!"

"Well, we'll each just ask one question," went on Sue, "and then you can tell us, Daddy. I want to try and guess what it is—I mean

what the tent is for. Shall we each take one guess, Bunny?"

"Yep. You guess first, Sue. What do you say the tent is for?"

Sue thought for half a minute, shutting her brown eyes and wrinkling up her little nose. She was thinking very hard.

"I—I guess the tent is for a house for our dog Splash," she said, after a bit. "Is it, Daddy?"

"No," and Mr. Brown shook his head. "It's your turn, Bunny."

Bunny looked up at the ceiling. Then he said:

"I guess grandpa's tent is going to be for us to play in when it rains. Is it, Daddy?"

"Well, that's pretty nearly right," Mr. Brown answered. "And now sit quiet and I'll tell you the surprise."

But before I let Mr. Brown tell the children the secret, I just want to say a few words to the boys and girls who are reading this as their first book of the Bunny and Sue series. There are four other books that come ahead of this, and I'll tell you their names so you

may read them, and find out all about Bunny and Sue.

Of course those of you who have read the first, and all the other books in the series, do not need to stop to read this. You have already been introduced to the Brown children. But to those who have not, I would say that Bunny Brown and his sister Sue lived with their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown, in the town of Bellemere, which was on Sandport Bay, near the ocean.

Mr. Brown was in the boat business—that is, he hired out boats to fishermen and others who wanted to go on the ocean or bay, sailing, rowing or in motor boats. Mr. Brown had men to help him, and also several big boys, almost as large as men. One of these last was Bunker Blue, a red-haired, good-natured lad, who was very fond of the two children.

In the first book of the series, named "Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue," I told you the story of the little boy and girl, and what fun they had getting up a Punch and Judy show, and finding Aunt Lu's diamond ring in the queerest way. In the second book, "Bunny

Brown and His Sister Sue on Grandpa's Farm," I told you how they went off to the country, in a great big moving van automobile, fitted up like a little house, in which they could eat and sleep.

Bunker Blue went with them to steer the automobile, and they also took along the children's dog, Splash, who was named that because he once splashed in the water and pulled out Sue. On Grandpa's farm Bunny and Sue had lots of fun. They got up a little show, which they held in the barn.

After the little show had been given, Bunker Blue, and some larger boys, thought they could get up a sort of circus. They did, holding it in two tents, a big one and a smaller one. The smaller tent belonged to Grandpa Brown, when he was in the army. And it was this tent that had just come by express to the Brown home in Bellemere.

"Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue Playing Circus" is the name of the third book, and in that you may read all about the show that Bunny and Sue took part in—how the tents were washed away, how Ben Hall did his

queer tricks, and what happened to him after that.

When the two Brown children came back from grandpa's farm they received an invitation from Aunt Lu, to spend the fall and winter at her city home in New York.

"Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Aunt Lu's City Home" is the name of the book telling all that happened when the two children went to New York. They met a little colored girl, named Wopsie, they were lost in a monkey store, Bunny flew his kite from the roof of Aunt Lu's house, and toward the end Bunny and Sue were run away with when in a pony cart in Central Park.

At first they did not like being run away with, but after they were spilled out, and Aunt Sallie picked them up, and she and Wopsie found out that they—but there! I mustn't put so much of that book in this book. You would much rather read it yourself, I am sure.

So I'll just say that at Aunt Lu's city home Bunny and Sue had many good times, and enjoyed themselves very much. They were almost sorry when it was time to come home, but

of course they could not always stay in New York.

But now it was spring, and Bunny and Sue were once more back in Bellemere. They had met all their old friends again, and had played with them, until this day, when, as I have told you, it was raining too hard to go out.

Before I go on with this story, I might say that Bunny was about six years old, and Sue a year younger. The two children were always together, and whatever Bunny did Sue thought was just right. It was not always, though, for often Bunny did things that got him and Sue into trouble.

Bunny did not mean this, but he was a brave, smart little chap, always wanting to do something to have fun, or to find out something new. He would often take chances in doing something new, when he did not know what would happen, or what the ending would be. And Sue liked fun so much, also, that she always followed Bunny.

The children knew everyone in the village of Bellemere, and everyone knew them, from Old Miss Hollyhock (a poor woman to whom

Bunny and Sue were often kind) to Wango, the queer little monkey, owned by Jed Winkler, the old sailor. Wango did many funny tricks, and he, too, got into mischief. Sometimes it was hard to say who got oftener into trouble—Bunny Brown and his sister Sue, or Wango, the queer little monkey.

Now that I have told you all this, so my newest little children-reader-friends will feel that they know Bunny and Sue as well as everyone else, I will go back to the story.

Bunny and Sue were still sitting on their father's knee.

"Well, tell us the surprise!" begged Sue, reaching over and kissing her daddy.

"And make it like a story," begged Bunny.

"I haven't time to make it like a story now, my dears," said Mr. Brown. "But the bundle you saw the expressman bring to the barn this afternoon was the tent from grandpa's farm."

"The same one we played circus in?" Bunny wanted to know.

"The same one," answered his father. "I asked grandpa to send it to me."

"What are we going to do with it, Daddy?"

Sue asked. "I've tried and tried, but I can't guess."

"Well, this is the surprise," replied Daddy Brown, "and I hope you'll like it. We are going off into the woods camping—that means living in a tent. We'll cook in a tent—that is when it rains so we can't have a campfire out of doors—we'll eat in the tent and we'll sleep in it."

"Oh, Daddy! Shall we—really?" cried Bunny, almost falling off his father's knee he was so excited.

"Yes, that's what we're going to do," said Mr. Brown. "We are going to spend the summer in camp, under a tent instead of in a cottage, as we sometimes do. Will you like that?"

"Oh, I just guess we will!" cried Bunny Brown.

"And can I take my dolls along—will there be room for 'em?" asked Sue.

"Oh, yes, plenty of room," answered Daddy Brown.

"And will Splash come?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Oh, yes, we'll take your dog along, of course. It wouldn't be like a real camp without Splash. So now you know what the tent is for."

"May we go out and look at it?" asked Bunny.

"Oh, no, son. Not to-night. It's still raining, and the tent is all wet. It will dry out in a few days. Besides, you've seen the tent up."

"It's just like when we had it for the circus," explained Sue. "I don't want to go out to the barn and see it, Bunny. I'm hungry, and I want my supper."

"It's almost ready," said Mother Brown. "Then we really are going camping?" She looked at her husband as she asked the question.

"Yes, I thought that would be a nice way to spend the summer vacation," said Mr. Brown. "Grandpa's tent is very large. We can sleep in that one. I also have a smaller tent, in which we can set a table, and next to that will be one, still smaller, where we can cook on an oil stove in wet weather. We'll have a real camp!"

"Oh, fine!" cried Bunny.

"How nice!" exclaimed Sue.

"And where are we going to camp?" Mother Brown questioned.

"Up in the woods, about ten miles from here, near Lake Wanda," answered Mr. Brown. "And, now that I've told you all about the surprise, I think we'll have supper."

CHAPTER III

BUNNY AND SUE SLEEP OUT

AFTER supper the two children, and their father and mother, as well, found so much to talk over, about camping out, that it was bed-time for Bunny and Sue almost before they knew it.

"Oh, can't we stay up just a *little* longer?" begged Bunny, when his mother told him it was time for him and Sue to get undressed.

"Just let's hear daddy tell, once more, how he cooks eggs over a campfire," added Sue.

"Not to-night; some other time," said Mr. Brown. "That's one of the things you must learn when going to camp—to obey orders."

Daddy Brown set Bunny and Sue down on the floor—they had climbed up into his lap again after supper. He stood up tall and straight, like a soldier, and touched his hand to his head.

"Order Number One!" he said. "Time to go to bed. Good-night!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered Bunny, putting his hand to his head, as he had seen his father do. That was saluting, you know, just as a gentleman lifts his hat to a lady, or a private soldier salutes his officer.

Mr. Brown laughed, for, though Bunny had saluted as a soldier does, the little boy had answered like a sailor. You see, he knew more about sailors than he did about soldiers, living near the sea as he had all his life.

Whenever Mr. Brown wanted Bunny to do anything, without asking too many questions about it, or talking too much, Bunny's father would pretend he was a captain, and the little boy a soldier, who must mind, or obey, at the first order. This pleased Bunny.

"Order Number One!" said Mr. Brown again. "Bunny Brown report to bed. Order Number Two, so must Sister Sue!"

Then everyone laughed, and off to bed and dreamland went the two children. They lay awake a little while, talking back and forth through the door between their rooms, but

soon their eyes closed, and stayed closed until morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown sat up about an hour longer, talking about going to camp, and then they, too, went to bed.

"I think the children will like it—living in a tent near the lake," said Daddy Brown, as he turned out the light.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown. "They'll be sure to like it. I only hope they'll not fall in."

"Well, if they do, Splash will pull them out," said Daddy Brown.

Bunny and Sue were up early the next morning. Even before breakfast they had thought of the good times they were going to have in camp at Lake Wanda.

"Daddy, may we go out and see the tent now?" asked Bunny.

"After a bit," answered Mr. Brown. "The tent got rather wet, coming by express through the rain, and I'm going to send Bunker Blue and some of the fishermen around to-day to put it up so it will dry out. Then we'll roll the tent up again, tie it with ropes, and it will be ready to take with us to Lake Wanda."

"When are you going?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, in about two weeks—as soon as the weather gets a little more settled."

It was May now, and the flowers were beginning to bloom. Soon it would be June, and that is the nicest month in all the year to go camping in the woods, for the days are so long that it doesn't get dark until after eight o'clock at night, and one has that much longer to have fun.

When breakfast was over Bunny and Sue went out to the barn to look at the big express bundle which held the tent. It was too heavy for them to lift, or they themselves might have tried to put it up out on the lawn. Bunny Brown was that kind of boy. And Sue would have helped him. But, as it was, they waited for Bunker and some of the strong fishermen to come up from Mr. Brown's boat dock. In a little while the tent was put up on the lawn, and Bunny and Sue were allowed to play in it.

"The dining room tent will come in a few days," said Mr. Brown, "and also the cooking tent. I bought them in New York."

Then he told Bunny and Sue how they would go camping. The tents and cots, with bed clothes, and dishes, pots, pans, an oil stove and good things to eat, would all be put in the big moving van automobile, in which they had traveled to Grandpa Brown's farm in the country.

"We'll ride in that up to Lake Wanda," said Daddy Brown. "When we get to the woods, on the shore of the beautiful lake, we'll put up the tent, and make our camp. Then we'll have good times."

"Oh, I can hardly wait; can you?" asked Sue, speaking to her wax doll.

"I wish the time would hurry up," said Bunny. "But who is going to help you put up the tents, Daddy? You can't do them all alone."

"Oh, Bunker Blue is going camping with us."

"Goodie!" cried Bunny.

"And we'll also take Uncle Tad along," went on Daddy Brown.

"That's nice!" exclaimed Sue, clapping her hands. She and Bunny loved Uncle Tad. He

was an old soldier, who had fought in the war. He was really Mr. Brown's uncle, but the children called him uncle too, and Uncle Tad loved Bunny Brown and his sister Sue very much.

The tent was not very wet from the rain, and Bunny and Sue had fun playing in it that day. Splash, their dog, played in the tent too. Splash asked nothing better than to be with Bunny and Sue.

"Bunny, are we going to sleep on the ground when we go camping?" Sue wanted to know, as she and her brother sat in the tent that afternoon.

"Well, maybe we will," the little boy said. "But I think I heard daddy say we would take some cot beds with us. You *can* sleep on the ground, though. Mother read me a story about some hunters who cut off some branches from an evergreen tree, and put their blankets over them to sleep on. They slept fine, too."

"Could we do that?" asked Sue.

"Yes," answered Bunny. And then a queer look came on the face of Bunny Brown. Sue saw it and asked:

"Oh, Bunny, is you got an idea?"

"Yes," Bunny answered slowly, "I has got an idea."

"Oh, goodie!" cried Sue. "Tell me about it, Bunny, and we'll do it!"

Bunny often had ideas. That is, he thought of things to do, and nothing pleased Sue more than to do things with her brother. They were not always the right things to do, but then the children couldn't be expected to do right all the while; could they?

So, whenever Bunny said he had an idea, which meant he was going to do something to have fun, Sue was anxious to know what his idea was.

"Tell me, Bunny!" she begged.

Bunny went over closer to his sister, looked all around the tent, as if to make sure no one was listening, and when he saw only Splash, the big dog, he whispered:

"Sue, how would you like to practice sleeping out?"

"Sleeping out?" said Sue. She did not just know what Bunny meant.

"Yes, sleeping out," said the little boy again.

"Sleeping out in this tent, I mean. We'll have to do it, if we go to camp, and we might as well have some practice, you know."

Bunny and Sue knew what "practice" meant, for a girl whom they knew took music lessons, and she had to go in and practice playing on the piano every day.

Bunny thought that if you had to practice, or try over and over again, before you could play the piano, you might have to practice, or try, sleeping out of doors in a tent.

"How can we do it?" asked Sue.

"It's easy," Bunny answered. "We'll bring our blankets out here and sleep in the tent to-night."

"Maybe daddy and mother won't let us, Bunny."

"They won't care," said the little boy. "'Sides, they won't know it. We won't tell 'em. We'll just come out at night, when they've gone to sleep. We can slip down, out of our rooms, with our blankets, and sleep in the tent on the ground, just as we'll have to do in camp. 'Cause we mayn't always have cot beds there. Will you do it, Sue?"

"Course I will, Bunny Brown!"

Sue nearly always did what Bunny wanted her to. This time she was sure it would be lots of fun.

"All right," Bunny went on. "To-night, after it gets all dark, we'll come down, and sleep here."

"S'pose—s'posin' I get to sleep in my own bed in the house, Bunny?"

"Oh, I'll wake you up," said Bunny. "I won't go to sleep, and I'll come in and tickle your feet."

Sue laughed. She always laughed when anyone tickled her feet, and even the thought of it made her giggle.

"Don't tickle 'em too hard, Bunny," she said. "'Cause if you do I'll sneeze and that will wake up daddy and mother."

"I won't tickle you too hard," Bunny said.

That night, after supper, Mrs. Brown said to her husband:

"Bunny and Sue are up to some trick, I know they are!"

"What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Oh, I can always tell. They are so quiet now, they haven't teased for anything all afternoon, and now they are getting ready to go to bed, though it isn't within a half-hour of their time."

"Oh, maybe they're sleepy," said Mr. Brown, who was reading the paper.

"No, I'm sure they are up to some trick," said Mother Brown.

And now, if you please, just you wait and see whether or not she was right.

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue did go to bed earlier than usual that night. Bunny, after supper, had whispered to his sister:

"If we go to bed sooner we can be awake quicker and go down to the tent."

"Can you open the door?" asked Sue.

"Yes, the back door opens easy."

"But has you got the branches from the evergreen tree cut so we can spread our blankets over them?" Sue wanted to know.

Bunny shook his head.

"I didn't dast do it," he said. "They might see me cutting 'em, and then they'd guess what we were going to do. We can each take two

blankets off our beds, Sue, and that will make the ground soft enough. 'Sides, if we're going to be campers, and sleep in the woods, we mustn't mind a hard bed. Soldiers don't—for daddy said so."

"Girls aren't soldiers!" said Sue. "But I'll come with you and we'll sleep on two blankets."

"To practice for when we go camping," added Bunny.

Sue nodded her head, and, with her doll, went up to bed in the room next to Bunny's.

"I just know those children are up to something," said Mother Brown, as she came down after tucking in Bunny and Sue. "I wish I knew what it was."

"Oh, I guess it isn't anything," laughed daddy.

Sue and her brother found it hard to keep awake. They had played hard all day, and that always makes children sleepy.

In fact, Bunny and Sue did fall asleep, but Bunny awakened sometime in the night, I suppose because he was thinking so much about going out into the tent.

The little fellow sat up in bed. A light was burning out in the hall, so he could see plainly enough. He remembered what he had promised to do—wake up Sue by tickling her feet.

Softly he stole into her room, after putting on his bath robe. He dragged after him two blankets from his bed.

Reaching under the covers he gently tickled Sue's pink toes.

"What—What's matter?" murmured Sue, sleepily.

"Hush!" whispered Bunny close to her ear. "Wake up, Sue! I don't want to tickle you any more, and make you sneeze. We're going to sleep out in the tent, you know."

Sue was soon wide awake. Softly she crawled out of bed, slipped on her bath robe, which was on a chair near her bed, and then, dragging two blankets after her, she and Bunny went softly down the stairs.

Carefully Bunny opened the door, and he and Sue went out on the side porch, and down across the lawn to where, in the moonlight, stood grandpa's tent.

CHAPTER IV

SPLASH COMES, TOO

THE camping tent, which had been put up by Daddy Brown, so it would be well dried out, stood wide open. Bunny and Sue, with their bed-blankets trailing after them, slipped in through the "front door."

Of course, there was not really a "front door" to a tent. There are just two pieces of canvas, called "flaps," that come together and make a sort of front door. Between these white flaps Bunny Brown and his sister Sue went, and they found themselves inside the tent.

"It—it's awful dark, isn't it, Bunny?" whispered Sue, softly.

"Hush!" returned her brother. "We don't want them to see us. It will be light pretty soon, Sue."

"I—I don't like it dark," she said.

"Shut your eyes and you won't see the dark," Bunny went on. His mother had often told him that when she wanted him to go to sleep in a dark room, or when only the hall light was dimly burning. So Bunny thought that would be a good thing to tell Sue. "Shut your eyes, and you won't see the dark," said Bunny Brown.

But, really, it was not very dark in the tent, after the two children had stood there awhile. The moon was brightly shining outside, and, as the tent was of white canvas, some of the light came through. So as Sue looked around she could begin to see things a little better now. There was not much to see. Just the ground, and a box or two in the tent. During the day Bunny and Sue had been playing with the boxes, and had left them in the tent.

"Come on, now," said Bunny. "We'll spread our blankets out on the ground, Sue, and go to sleep. Then we'll make believe we're camping out, just as we're going to do up at the lake."

As he spoke Bunny spread his two blankets

out on the ground under the tent. He folded them so he could crawl in between the folds, and cover himself up, for it was rather chilly that spring night.

"I—I want a pillow, Bunny," said Sue. "I want something to put my head on when I go to sleep."

"Hush!" cried Bunny in a whisper. "If you speak out loud that way, Sue, mother or daddy will hear us. Then they'll come and get us and make us sleep in our beds."

"Well—well," answered Sue, and Bunny could tell by her voice that she was trying hard not to cry, "well, Bunny Brown, I—I guess I'd better like sleepin' in my bed, than out here without no pillow. I want a pillow, an' it's dark an' cold, an'—an'——"

Sue was just ready to cry, but Bunny said:

"Oh, come on now, Sue! This is fun! You know we're making-believe camp out!"

"All right," Sue answered, after thinking it over a bit. "But can I—can I sleep over by you, Bunny?"

"Yes. Put your blankets right down here by mine, and we'll both go to sleep. Won't

daddy and mother be s'prised when they find we've camped out all night?"

"I—I guess they will," Sue said. "It kinder s'prises me, too!"

Sue was dragging her blankets over toward the place when Bunny had his spread out on the ground, and she was just going to lie down, when the flaps of the tent were suddenly shoved to one side, and something came in.

"Oh! oh!" cried Sue, as she threw herself down in her blankets, and wrapped herself up in them, even covering her head. "Oh, Bunny! Bunny! What is it? What's after us?"

"I—I don't know," said Bunny, and his voice trembled a little.

Then Sue raised her head and peeped out from under her blanket. She saw something standing in the front door of the tent, half way in, and half way out. The moon was still shining brightly, and Sue cried:

"Oh, Bunny! It's a bear! It's a bear!"

Just then there came a loud:

"Bow-wow-wow!"

Bunny and Sue both laughed then. Then were frightened no longer.

"Oh, it's our dog, Splash!" cried Sue. "It's only Splash!"

"Here, Splash!" called Bunny. Then with a joyous bark the dog sprang inside the tent, and snuggled close up to his two little playmates.

"Now I isn't afraid," said Sue, as she put her arms around the big shaggy neck of her pet. "Now I isn't afraid any more. Splash can sleep with us; can't he, Bunny?"

"Yes, Sue. Now go to sleep. Isn't this fun?"

"Yes, it is when Splash is here," Sue said.

Though Bunny did not say so, he, too, was glad their dog had come to spend the rest of the night with them. Not that there was anything to be afraid of, oh, dear no! There were no bears, or wolves, or anything like that in Bellemere. There were big fish in the bay and in the ocean, but of course they never came up on land.

"And, even if they did," said Sue sleepily to Bunny when they were talking about this,

as they lay close to the big dog in their blankets, "even if any fish did flop up, Bunny, Splash would catch them; wouldn't he?"

"Sure!" answered Bunny.

"You would; wouldn't you, Splash?" asked the little girl, her chubby arm around the dog's neck.

Splash whined softly, and rubbed his cold nose first against the warm cheek of Sue, and then against Bunny's. That was his way of kissing them, I think.

And so, strange as it may seem, Bunny and Sue went to sleep in the camping tent that night. They were well wrapped up in the warm blankets they had brought from their beds, and after the first few shivers they were not cold. And so they slept, and Splash slept with them. All this while Daddy Brown and Mother Brown knew nothing about their children having gone out in the night.

But Mother Brown soon found it out. I'll tell you about it.

About two o'clock every morning (when it was still quite dark, and when it was yet night, though you could call it morning), Mrs.

Brown used to get up, and slip into the rooms of the children to see if they were covered up. For little folk often kick off the bed clothes in the night, and so get cold. Mother Brown did not want this to happen to Bunny and Sue.

This time, though, when Mother Brown went softly into Sue's room, to see if her little girl was all right, she did not find Sue in her bed.

"Why, this is queer," thought Mrs. Brown. "Where can Sue have gone? Perhaps she slipped out and went in with Bunny."

Sometimes Sue used to do this, when she would awaken and become a little frightened. But when Mother Brown went into Bunny's room Sue was not there, nor was Bunny. Mrs. Brown felt all over the bed, but there was not a sign of either of the children.

"Why—why!" exclaimed Mother Brown. "What can have happened to them? Where can they be? Bunny! Sue!" she called, and she spoke out loudly now.

"What is it? What's the matter?" asked Daddy Brown, as he awakened on hearing his wife call. "What has happened?"

"Why, I can't find Bunny or Sue! They're not in their beds! I came in to cover them up, as I always do, but they're not here. Oh dear! I hope nothing has happened to them!"

"Of course nothing has happened!" said Daddy Brown. He sprang out of bed and lighted a light in Bunny's room. As he took one look at the tumbled bed, and saw that two of the blankets were gone, Mr. Brown laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" his wife asked him. "I don't see anything very funny to laugh at!"

"It's those children!" said Daddy Brown. "I know where they are!"

"Where?" cried Mother Brown, eagerly. "Where?"

"Out in the tent. They've taken their blankets and gone out there to sleep. They're playing camping out, I'm sure. We'll find them in the tent."

And, surely enough, as you well know, there they found Bunny Brown and his sister Sue, fast asleep on their blankets in the tent, with Splash sleeping between them.

Splash looked up and wagged his tail as Mr. and Mrs. Brown, wearing their bath robes and slippers, came softly into the little canvas house. Splash seemed to say:

"Hush! Don't wake up the children! They're sound asleep!"

And Bunny and Sue were sound asleep. Mr. and Mrs. Brown looked at one another, smiled, and then daddy picked up Bunny, blankets and all, while Mrs. Brown did the same with Sue.

"We'll put them right in their own beds, in the house, without waking them up," whispered Daddy Brown.

"Yes," nodded Mother Brown.

"What—what's matter?" sleepily murmured Bunny as he felt himself being carried into the house. But that was all he said, and he did not even open his eyes.

Sue never said anything as her mother carried her. And as for Splash, once he saw that the children were being taken care of, he curled up in a corner of the tent, and went to sleep again.

CHAPTER V

OFF TO CAMP

BUNNY BROWN opened his eyes, and sat up in bed. Then he blinked his eyes. Next he rubbed them. Then he looked all around the bed.

Yes, there was no doubt about it, he was in his own little room, with the pictures he so well knew hanging on the walls, with his toys on the box in the corner. It was his own room, and he had awakened in his own bed, and yet——

"Sue! Sue!" called Bunny in a whisper, looking toward the open door of the room in which his sister slept. "Sue, is you there!"

"Yes, Bunny, I'm here."

"And are you in your own bed?"

"Yes, I is."

Sometimes Bunny and Sue did not speak just right, as perhaps you have noticed.

"But, Sue—Sue," Bunny went on, "didn't we go to sleep in the tent; or did we? Did I dream it?"

"I—I don't know, Bunny," answered Sue. "I 'members about being in the tent. And Splash was there, too. But I'm in my bed *now.*"

"So'm I, Sue. I—I wonder how we got here?"

Bunny looked all around his room again, as if trying to solve the puzzle. But he could not guess what had happened. He remembered how he and Sue had gotten up in the middle of the night, and how they had crept inside the tent. Then Splash had come; and how funny it was when Sue thought their dog was a bear. Then they had all gone to sleep in the tent, and now——

Well, Bunny was certainly in his bed, and so was Sue in hers.

"How—how did it happen?" asked Bunny.

He heard a laugh out in the hall. Running to the door he saw his father and mother standing there. Then Bunny understood.

"Oh, you carried us in from the tent when

we were asleep; didn't you, Daddy?" asked Bunny, pointing a finger at his father.

"Yes, that's what I did."

"Oh, Bunny, what made you and Sue do a thing like that?" asked Mother Brown. "I was so frightened when I came in to cover you and Sue up, and couldn't find my little ones. What made you do it?"

"Why—why," said Bunny slowly, "we wanted to get some practice at camping out, Sue and I did—just like they practice piano lessons. So we went to sleep in the tent."

"Well, don't do it again until we really go camping," said Daddy Brown. "When we are in the woods, at Lake Wanda, you can sleep in the tent as much as you like, for then we'll have cot beds and everything right. Anyhow, I'm going to take down the tent today and get it ready to pack up for camp."

"When are we going?" asked Bunny.

"Oh, in about a week, I guess," answered his father.

"Then I'm going to pack up," declared the little boy. "I've got lots of things I want to take to camp."

"And so have I," called Sue, who had run out of her own room. "I'm going to take two of my best dolls, and all their clothes."

"You can take some of your toys and playthings but not too many," said Mrs. Brown. "You must remember that you'll be out in the woods a good part of the time, having fun among the trees, or perhaps on the lake. So you won't want too many home-toys."

"Are we going to have a boat on the lake?" asked Bunny eagerly.

"Yes, but you're not to go out in it alone. Bunker Blue is coming with us, and he will look after you on the water, and Uncle Tad will look after you in the woods—that is when either daddy or myself is not with you children. Now you'd better get dressed for breakfast, and don't go out in the middle of the night any more and sleep in a tent."

"We won't," promised Bunny Brown and his sister Sue.

That week began the work of getting ready to go to camp. One of the first things Daddy Brown did was to get two other tents. One of these was to be the dining-room tent, where

the table would be set for eating when in camp. Another tent, smaller than either of the two, would do to cook in.

Besides the tents they must take with them things to eat, knives, forks, spoons, dishes, pots and pans, an oil stove and bed clothing.

All these things Daddy Brown, or Mother Brown, with the help of Uncle Tad or Bunker Blue, packed. The big automobile, in which the Brown family had eaten and slept when on their trip to grandpa's farm, was once more made ready for a journey.

In this were packed the tents, the bedding, the stove, the good things to eat, and all that would be needed in camp. Of course, they could not take with them all they would want to eat through the summer, for they expected to stay in camp until fall. But there were stores not far from Lake Wanda, and in them could be bought bread, butter, sugar, tea, coffee, or whatever else was needed.

"Are we going to sleep in the automobile this time?" asked Bunny, as he looked inside the big moving van. "I don't see where we can make a bed," Bunny went on, for the van

was quite filled with the tents, cot-beds, chairs, tables, the oil stove and other things.

"No, we're not going to sleep in the auto this time," said Mr. Brown. "It will only take us a day to get from here to Lake Wanda where we are going to camp. So we will get up here, in our own home in the morning, ride to camp, put up the tents, and that same night we will sleep in them."

"Oh, what fun it will be!" cried Sue, joyfully.

"It will be dandy!" exclaimed Bunny. "And I'll catch fish for our supper in the lake."

"I hope you won't catch them as you caught the turtle in the New York aquarium, the time we went to Aunt Lu's city home," said Mother Brown with a laugh.

"No, I won't catch any mud turtles," promised Bunny.

In the book before this one I've told you about Bunny catching the turtle on a bent pin hook with a piece of rag for bait. He had quite an exciting time.

Everyone at the Brown house was busy now.

There was much to be done to get ready to go to camp. Bunny and Sue were each given a box, and told that this must hold all their toys and playthings.

"You may take with you only as much as your two boxes will hold," said Daddy Brown to Bunny and Sue. "So pick out the play-toys you like best, as the two boxes are all you may have. And when you get to camp I want you always, when you have finished playing, to put back in the boxes the toys you have finished with.

"In that way you will always know where they are, when you want them again, and you won't have to be looking for them, or asking your mother or me to help you find them. Besides, we must keep our camp looking nice, and a camp can't look nice if toys and play-things are scattered all about.

"So pick out the things you want to take with you, pack them in your boxes and, after you get to camp, keep your toys in the boxes. That is one of our rules."

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered Bunny making a funny little bob with his head as he had

seen some of the old sailors, at his father's dock, do when they answered.

"I'm just going to take my dolls, and some picture books for them to look at," said Sue.

"Pooh! Dolls can't look at picture books!" exlaimed Bunny.

"Yes, they can too!" cried Sue.

"No, they can't!"

"Well, I mean make-believe, Bunny Brown!"

"Oh, well, yes; make-believe! I thought you meant *real.*"

"Well, *I* can look at them real," said Sue, "and make believe I'm reading to my dolls."

"Oh, yes," agreed Bunny.

"What are you going to take?" asked Sue of her brother.

"Oh, I'm going to take my fish pole, and my pop gun——"

"That only shoots a cork!" cried Sue. "You can't hit any bears with that."

"I can scare 'em with it when it pops!" cried Bunny. "That's all I want to do. I don't want to kill a bear, anyhow. I just want to scare 'em. And maybe when I scare a

little bear I can grab it and bring it home and tame it."

"Oh, if you only could!" cried Sue. "Then we could make it do tricks, and we could get a hand-organ and go around with a trained bear instead of a monkey."

"Yes," said Bunny. "We could until the bear got too big. I guess I wouldn't want a big bear, Sue."

"No, little ones is the nicest. Maybe we'd better get a monkey, anyhow, 'cause they never grow big."

"I don't believe any monkeys grow in the woods where we're going to camp," observed Bunny. "But we'll look, anyhow, and maybe I can scare one of them with my pop gun."

Then the two children talked of what fun they would have in camp. They put things in their two boxes, took them out again and tried to crowd in more, for they found they did not want to leave any of their toys or playthings behind. But they could not get them all in two small boxes, so finally they picked out what they liked best, and these were put in the automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown had done most of the other packing, The auto-moving van was quite full, there being just room enough for Mrs. Brown, Uncle Tad and the two children to ride in the back, while Daddy Brown and Bunker Blue sat on the front seat.

At last everything was ready. The last things had been put in the automobile, and tied fast. The children took their places, and called to Splash. Of course he was to go with them. He would run along the road, until he grew tired, and then he could ride in the automobile.

"All aboard!" called Bunker Blue as he sat at the steering wheel. "Is everybody ready?"

"I am!' answered Bunny Brown. "I've got my fishing pole, and I can dig some worms when I get to camp."

"Are you going to fish with worms?" asked Sue.

"Sure I am! Fishes love worms."

"I don't!" Sue said. "Worms is so squiggily." She always said that when Bunny spoke of worms.

"Well, I guess we're all ready," remarked Daddy Brown. "Start off, Bunker Blue."

"Chug-chug!" went the automobile.

"Bow-wow!" barked the dog Splash.

"Good-bye!" called Bunny and Sue to some of their little boy and girl friends who had gathered to wave farewell. "Good-bye! Good-bye!"

Then the big automobile rolled out into the road. The Browns were off to camp.

CHAPTER VI

PUTTING UP THE TENTS

"How long will it take us to get to Lake Wanda, Mother?" asked Bunny Brown, as, with Sue and Uncle Tad, he and his mother sat in the back of the big car that rumbled along the road.

"Oh, we ought to get there about noon," she answered.

"Just in time to eat," said Uncle Tad. "I suppose you children will be good and hungry, too."

"I'm hungry now," said Sue, "I wish I had a jam tart, Mother."

"So do I!" put in Bunny.

"I'll give you one in a few minutes," Mrs. Brown said. "We did have an early breakfast, and I suppose you are hungry now."

"Will we have to cook dinner as soon as we get to camp?" Bunny wanted to know.

"If we do I'll help," said Uncle Tad with a smile. "I can build a campfire. When I was a soldier, in the army, down South, we used to build campfires, and roast potatoes when we couldn't find anything else to eat."

"Did they taste good, Uncle Tad?" asked Sue.

"Indeed they did, little girl. And we had roast ears of corn, too. They were even better than the potatoes."

"I guess we'll have to make Uncle Tad the camp cook," said Mother Brown with a smile, as she brought out a basket of lunch for Bunny and Sue. In the basket were some cakes, sandwiches and a few of the jam and jelly tarts that Aunt Lu used to make. Only, as Aunt Lu had gone back to her city home, Mrs. Brown had learned to make the tarts, and Bunny and Sue were very fond of them.

As they rode along in the big automobile the children ate the little lunch, and enjoyed it very much. Uncle Tad took some too, for he had gotten up early, with the others, and he was hungry.

"I wonder if Daddy and Bunker Blue

wouldn't like a tart," murmured Sue, after a bit, as she picked up the last crumbs of hers.

"Perhaps they would," said Mother Brown. "But they are away up on the front seat, and I don't see how we can pass them any. There is too much in the auto, or I could hand it to them out of the little window back of the seat. But I can't reach the window."

"I know how we could pass them a tart," said Bunny.

"How?" asked his mother.

"Climb up on the roof of the auto, and lower the lunch basket down to them with a string."

"Bunny Brown! Don't you dare think of such a thing!" cried his mother. "The idea of climbing onto the roof of this big automobile when it's moving!"

"Oh, I didn't mean when it was *moving,*" Bunny said. "I wouldn't do that, for fear I'd be jiggled off. I meant to wait until we stopped. Then I could get up on the roof."

"No need to do that," said Uncle Tad. "For when we stop, then one of you can get down, and run up ahead with something for daddy and Bunker Blue."

And, a little later, the automobile did stop.

"What's the matter?" called Mrs. Brown to her husband, who was up on the front seat. "Did anything happen?"

"No, only the automobile needs a drink of water," answered Mr. Brown. I have told you how automobiles need water, as much as horses do, or as you do, when you get warm. Of course the automobile does not exactly *drink* the water. But some must be poured in, from time to time, to keep the engine cool. And this was why Bunker Blue stopped the automobile now.

While he was pouring water in, dipping it up with a pail from a cold spring beside the road, Bunny and Sue got out and took their father and the red-haired boy some jam and jelly tarts, and also some sandwiches.

"My! This is fine!" cried Mr. Brown, as he ate the good things Sue handed him. "I'm glad we're going camping; aren't you, children?"

"Oh, I should say we were glad!" cried Bunny, as he took a drink from the spring. There was half a brown cocoanut shell for

a dipper, and Bunny thought he had never drunk such cool, sweet water.

Then, when Bunker Blue had eaten his sandwiches and tarts, they started off once more, rumbling along the country roads toward Lake Wanda.

"I wish we'd hurry up and get there," said Sue. "I want to see what camping is like."

"Oh, we'll soon be there," promised Daddy Brown, "and there'll be work enough for all of us. We'll have three tents to put up, and many other things to do."

On and on went the big automobile. Splash ran along the road, some time at the side of the car, sometimes behind it, and, once in a while, away up ahead, as if he were looking to see that the road was safe.

After a bit the dog came back to the automobile, and walked along so slowly, with his red tongue hanging out, that Sue said:

"Oh, poor Splash must be tired! Let's give him a ride, Mother!"

"All right. Call him up here."

"Come on, Splash!" called Bunny and Sue, for they each owned half the dog. They had

pretended to divide him down the middle, so each one might have part of the wagging tail, and part of the barking head. It was more fun owning a dog that way.

Up jumped Splash into the back of the auto-moving van. He stretched out on a roll of carpet that was to be spread over the board floor of the big tent, and went to sleep. But first Bunny had given him some sweet crackers to eat. Splash was very fond of these crackers.

The automobile was going down hill now, and when it reached the bottom it came to a stop again.

"What's the matter now?" asked Mother Brown. "Does the auto want another drink?"

"No, not just now," answered daddy. "Something has happened this time."

"Oh, I hope nothing is broken!" said Mrs. Brown.

"Not with us," answered her husband. "But there is an automobile just ahead of us that seems to be in trouble. They are stuck in the mud, I think."

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue, their

mother, Uncle Tad and even Splash got out to see what the matter was. I don't really believe Splash cared what had happened, but he always went where Bunny and Sue went, and when he saw them go this time he went with them.

Walking up toward the front part of the big automobile, where Bunker Blue and Daddy Brown sat, Mrs. Brown, Uncle Tad and the children, saw, just ahead, a small automobile, off to one side of the road. The wheels were away down in the soft mud, and a man at the steering wheel was trying to make the car move up onto the hard road, but he could not do it.

"You seem to be in trouble," said Daddy Brown. There were two ladies out on the road, watching the man trying to start the car.

"I am in trouble," said the man down in the mud. "I turned off the road to pass a hay wagon, but I did not think the mud was so soft down here, or I never would have done it. Now I am stuck and I can't seem to get out."

"Perhaps I can help you," said Daddy Brown. "I have a very strong automobile here. I'll go on ahead, keeping to the road, and I'll tie a rope to your car, and fasten the other end to mine. Then I'll pull you out of the mud."

"I'd be very thankful to you if you would." said the man.

"Yes, we'd be ever so much obliged," echoed the two ladies, whose shoes were all muddy from having jumped out of the automobile down into the ditch.

It did not take Daddy Brown and Bunker Blue long to fasten a rope from their automobile to the one stuck in the mud. Then when the big auto-moving van, in which the Browns were going to camp, started off down the road, it pulled the small car from the mud as easily as anything.

"Thank you, very much," said the man, when he saw that he and the ladies could go on again. "The next time I get behind a hay wagon I'll wait until I have room to turn out, without getting into a mud hole. I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Brown, and

if ever you get stuck in the mud I hope I can pull you out."

"I'm afraid you couldn't do it with your small car, when my auto is such a large one." Mr. Brown answered, "but thank you just the same."

Then the man in his small automobile, rode off with the two women, and, a little later, the Browns were once more on their way.

It was a little before noon when they came in sight of a big lake, which they could see through the trees. It was not far from the road.

"Oh, what lake is that?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"That is Lake Wanda, where we are going to camp," said Mr. Brown. "We'll turn in toward it, pretty soon, and begin putting up the tents."

"You said we'd have dinner first!" cried Bunny Brown.

"Are you hungry again?" asked his mother.

"I guess riding and being out in the air make them hungry," said Uncle Tad. "Well, children must eat to grow big and strong."

"Then Bunny and Sue ought to be regular

giants!" laughed Mrs. Brown, "for they are eating all the while."

A little later the big automobile turned off the main road into a smaller one, that led to the lake. And when the children and Mrs. Brown had a good view of the large sheet of water they thought it one of the most beautiful they had ever seen.

The lake was deep blue in color, and all around it were hills, and little mountains, with many trees on them. The trees were covered with beautiful, green leaves.

"Oh, this is a lovely place," cried Mother Brown. "Just lovely!"

"I'm glad you like it," said her husband.

"I like it, too," echoed Bunny.

"So do I," added Sue.

"Well, shall we begin putting up the tents?" asked Mr. Brown. "It will be night almost before you know it here. You see the hills are so high that the sun seems to go to bed sooner here than he does at home."

"Oh, let's rest awhile before we do anything," said Mother Brown. "Just rest awhile and look at the lake."

"Hurrah!" suddenly cried Daddy Brown. "That's it! I've been trying to think what to call it, but you've done it for me. That's just what we'll call it! There couldn't be a better name!"

"Why, what are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Brown, in surprise.

"The name of our camp," explained Daddy Brown, laughing. "I have been trying, ever since we started, to think of a good name for it. 'Rest-a-While,' will be the very thing. That's just what you said a moment ago you know. 'Let's rest awhile and look at the lake.' So we will call this Camp Rest-a-While! Isn't that a good name?"

"Why, yes, it does sound very nice," said Mother Brown. "Camp Rest-a-While! That's what we'll call it then, though I didn't know I was naming a camp. Well, children —Uncle Tad—Bunker—and all of us—Welcome to Camp Rest-a-While!"

"Hurrah!" cried Bunny and Sue, clapping their hands.

And so the camp was named.

Mrs. Brown set out a little lunch, and they

gathered about one of the boxes, in which the bed clothes were packed, to eat. The box was set on the ground, under a big chestnut tree.

"Where are you going to put up the tents?" asked Mother Brown.

"Right where we are now," said Daddy Brown. "I think we could not find a nicer spot. Here is a good place for our boat, when we get it. It is nice and dry here, and we can see all over the lake. Yes, this is where we will put up the tents for Camp Rest-a-While."

And, after they had all eaten lunch, including Splash, who was as hungry as Bunny or Sue, the work of putting up the tents was begun. The canvas houses were unrolled, and spread out on the ground. Then Daddy Brown, with Bunker Blue and Uncle Tad to help, put up the tent poles, and spread the canvas over them. By pulling on certain ropes, raising the poles, and then tying the poles fast so they would not fall over, the tents were put up.

There was the big one, that could be made into two or even three rooms, for them all to sleep in, Bunny, Daddy Brown, Uncle Tad

and Bunker Blue in one part, and Mother Brown and Sue in the other, with a third part for company.

The big tent was almost up. Only one more rope needed to be made fast. Bunker Blue was pulling on this when Bunny and Sue, who were helping, heard Splash give a sudden bark. Then the dog jumped into the lake, and the children, looking, saw a great commotion going on in the water near shore. Splash seemed either to have caught something, or to have been caught himself. He was barking, howling and whining.

"Oh, a big fish has caught Splash! A big fish has caught our dog!" cried Sue, and, dropping the tent rope, of which she had hold, down to the edge of the lake she ran.

CHAPTER VII

A BIG BLACK BEAR

SOMETHING certainly seemed to be the matter with Splash. Bunny and Sue had never seen their dog act in such a funny way. He would dash into the water, not going far from shore, though, and then he would jump back, barking all the while.

Once or twice he tried to grab, in his sharp teeth, something that seemed to be swimming in the water. But either Splash could not get it, or he was afraid to come too close to it.

"Oh, Daddy! What is it? What is it?" asked Bunny and Sue.

Mr. Brown, who with Bunker Blue and Uncle Tad, was fastening the last ropes of the tent, hurried down to the shore of the lake.

"What is it? What's the matter, Splash? What is it?" asked Mr. Brown.

Splash never turned around to look at

daddy. He again rushed into the water, barking and snapping his sharp teeth. Then Mr. Brown, taking up a stick, ran toward the dog.

"Let it alone, Splash! Let it alone!" cried Daddy Brown. "That's a big muskrat, and if it bites you it will make a bad sore. Let it alone!"

Daddy Brown struck at something in the water, and Bunny and Sue, running down to the edge of the lake, saw a large, brown animal, with long hair, swimming out toward the middle. Splash started to follow but Mr. Brown caught the dog by the collar.

"No you don't!" cried Bunny's father. "You let that muskrat alone, Splash. He's so big, and such a good swimmer, that he might pull you under the water and drown you. Let him alone."

Bunker Blue, who had come down to the edge of the lake, threw a stone at the swimming muskrat. The queer animal at once made a dive and went under the water, for muskrats can swim under the water as well as on top, and Bunny and Sue saw it no more.

Splash rushed around, up and down the

shore, barking loudly, but he did not try to swim out. I think he knew Mr. Brown was right in what he said—that it was not good to be bitten by a muskrat.

"Is that what it was, Daddy—a rat?" asked Bunny.

"Yes," answered his father. "Splash must have seen the muskrat swimming in the water, and tried to get it. The muskrat didn't want to be caught, so it fought back. But I'm glad it got away without being hurt, and I'm glad Splash wasn't bitten."

"What's a muskrat?" Sue wanted to know.

"Well, it's a big rat that lives in the water," said Daddy Brown. "It is much larger than the kind of rat that is around houses and barns, and it has fine, soft fur which trappers sell, to make fur-lined overcoats, and cloaks, for men and women. The fur is very good, and some persons say the muskrat is good to eat, but I would not like to try eating it. But this muskrat was a big one, and as they have sharp teeth, and can bite hard when they are angry, it is a good thing we drove it away."

Bunny and Sue looked out over the lake.

They could see the muskrat no longer, though there was a little ripple in the water where it had dived down to get away.

"Now we must finish putting up the tents," said Daddy Brown. "It will be night before we know it, and we want a good place to sleep in at Camp Rest-a-While."

"And are we going to have a fire, where we can cook something?" asked Bunny.

"Yes, we'll have the oil stove set up."

"I thought we would have a campfire," said the little boy.

"So we shall!" exclaimed Uncle Tad. "I'll make a campfire for you, children, and we'll bake some potatoes in it. We'll have them for supper, with whatever else mother cooks on the oil stove."

"I'll get some sticks of wood for the fire!" cried Sue.

"So will I!" added Bunny.

And while the older folk were finishing putting up the tents, and while Mother Brown was getting out the bed clothes, Bunny and Sue made a pile of sticks and twigs for the fire their uncle had promised to make.

Soon the big sleeping tent was put up, and divided into two parts, one for Sue and her mother, and the other for Bunny and the men folk. Cot-beds were put up in the tent, and blankets, sheets and pillows put on them, so the tent was really like a big bedroom.

"It will be nicer sleeping here than on the ground, like we did in the tent at home that night," said Bunny to Sue.

"Yes, I guess it will," she answered. "My dollie won't catch cold in a nice bed."

"Did she catch cold before?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Well, she had the sniffle-snuffles, and that's almost like a cold," Sue answered.

In the second-sized tent the dining table had been set up, and the chairs put around ready for the first meal, which would be supper. Mother Brown got the dishes out of the box, and called:

"Now, Bunny and Sue, let me see you set the table."

She had taught them at home how to put on the plates, knives, forks, spoons, cups, saucers and whatever was needed, and now Bunny

and Sue did this, as their share of the work, while Bunker Blue, and the older folk, were busy doing different things.

In the cooking tent the oil stove was set up and lighted, to make sure it burned well. Then Camp Rest-a-While looked just like its name—a place where boys and girls, as well as men and women could come and have a nice rest, near the beautiful lake.

When everything was nearly finished, and it was about time to start getting supper, a man came rowing along the shore of the lake in a boat. He called to Mr. Brown:

"Hey, there! Is this where you want your boat left?"

"Yes, thank you. Tie it right there," answered Daddy Brown.

"Oh, is that going to be our boat?" asked Bunny, in delight.

"Yes," answered his father, "I wrote to a man up here that has boats to let, to bring us a nice one. We'll use it while we are in camp. But you children must never get in the boat without asking me, or your mother. You mustn't get in even when it's tied to the shore."

"We won't!" promised Bunny and Sue. Once they had gotten in a boat that they thought was tied fast, but it had floated away with them. They landed on an island in the river, and had some adventures, of which I have told you in the first book of this series.

Bunny and Sue remembered this, so they knew that sometimes it was not even safe to get in a boat which was tied fast, unless some older person was with them.

The man left the boat he had brought for Mr. Brown. It was a large one and would easily hold Bunny and Sue, as well as all the others at Camp Rest-a-While.

"Now for the roast potatoes!" cried Uncle Tad. "Come on, children! We'll start our campfire, for I see your mother getting the meat ready to cook, and it takes quite a while to roast potatoes out of doors."

The campfire was built between two big stones, Bunny and Sue bringing up the wood they had gathered. Uncle Tad lighted the fire, for it is not safe for children to handle matches, or even be near an open fire, unless some older person is with them. Bunny and

Sue had often been told this, so they were very careful.

When the fire had blazed up good and hot, Uncle Tad let it cool down a bit. Then he raked away the red hot embers and put in them some nice, big, round potatoes. These he covered up in the hot ashes, and put on more wood.

"Now the potatoes are baking," he said. "They will be done in time for supper."

And what a fine supper it was—that first one in camp! Bunny and Sue thought they had never tasted anything so good. They all sat in the dining tent, and Mother Brown put the things on the table.

"Now where are your potatoes, Uncle Tad?" she asked.

"Here they are!" cried the old soldier, as he went to the campfire. He raked away the ashes and embers with a stick, and on a platter, made from a large piece of bark, off a tree, the old soldier poked out a number of round, black, smoking things.

"Why—why!" exclaimed Sue, in surprise. "I thought you baked *potatoes,* Uncle Tad!"

"So I did, Sue."

"They look like black stones," said Bunny.

"You wait—I'll show you," laughed Uncle Tad. He brought the bark platter to the table. Taking up a fork he opened one of the round, black, smoking things. Though the outside was burned black from the fire, the inside was almost as white as snow.

"There's baked potatoes for you!" cried Uncle Tad. "Put some salt and butter on them, and you never tasted anything better! But be careful—for they're very hot!"

Supper over, the dishes were washed and put away. Then there was nothing to do but wait until it was time to go to bed.

"And I think we're all tired enough to go early to-night," said Mother Brown.

"But, before we go," said her husband, "I think we will have a little row on the lake in our boat. It is not yet dark."

It was beautiful out on the water, and the sun, sinking down behind the hills, made the clouds look as though they were colored blue, pink, purple and golden.

Bunny and Sue were almost asleep when

the boat was headed back toward shore, and their eyes were tight shut, when daddy and mother lifted them out to carry them up to Camp Rest-a-While. The children hardly awakened when they were undressed and put to bed, and soon every one was sound asleep, for it was a dark night.

Bunny Brown was sleeping in the outer part of the bedroom-tent, in a cot next to his father's. Just what made Bunny awaken he did not know. But, all at once the little fellow sat up on his cot, and looked with wide-open eyes toward the entrance. There was a lantern burning in the tent, and by the light of it Bunny Brown saw a big shaggy animal, standing on its hind legs, and sniffing with its black nose. At first Bunny could not make a sound, he was so frightened, but finally he screamed:

"Oh, Daddy! Daddy! Wake up! It's a bear! A bear! A big black bear in the tent!"

Then Bunny slipped down between the blankets and covered up his head with the bed clothes.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RAGGED BOY

DADDY BROWN was used to being suddenly aroused in the night by either Bunny or Sue. At home the children often awakened, and called out. Sometimes they would be dreaming, or perhaps they would want a drink of water. So Daddy Brown and Mrs. Brown were used to answering when they heard the children call out.

But it was something new to hear Bunny calling about a big, black bear. He had never done that before, though one time, when he ate too much bread and jam for supper, he screamed that there was an elephant in his room, and there wasn't at all. He had only dreamed it.

But this time Daddy Brown had plainly heard his little boy say:

"Oh, it's a bear! It's a bear!"

Mr. Brown awakened, and sat up in his cot. He looked over toward Bunny's bed, but could see nothing of the little fellow, for as I have told you, Bunny was covered up under the blankets and quilt. Even his head was covered.

Then Mr. Brown looked toward the entrance, or front door of the tent. And, to his surprise, he saw just what Bunny had seen, a big, shaggy, hairy animal, standing on its hind legs, with its black nose up in the air, sniffing and snuffing.

"Why—why!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, rubbing his eyes to make sure that he was wide awake, and that he was not dreaming, as he thought Bunny might have been. "Why—why! It *is* a bear!"

"Sniff! Snuff!" went the big, shaggy creature.

"Daddy—Daddy!" cried Bunny, his voice sounding faint and far off, because his head was under the covers. "Daddy, is—is he gone?"

"No, not yet," answered Mr. Brown.

"What is it? What's the matter?" called

Mrs. Brown, from behind the curtain, where she slept.

"Why," said Mr. Brown slowly. "It—it seems to be a——"

Then he stopped. He did not want to scare his wife or Sue, by telling them there was a bear in the tent, and yet there was.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Mrs. Brown again. "I heard Bunny crying! Is anything the matter with him?"

"No, he's all right," answered Bunny's papa. That was true enough. There was really nothing the matter with the little boy. He was just a bit frightened, that was all.

"But *something* is the matter," said Mrs. Brown, "I know there is! Why don't you tell me what it is?"

Daddy Brown did not know just what to do. He sat up in bed, thinking and looking first at the bear and then at Bunny. All Mr. Brown could see of Bunny was a heap under the bedclothes. But the bear was in plain sight, standing in the doorway of the tent, sniffing and snuffing near the lighted lantern.

Mr. Brown did not want to speak about the

bear. He thought the big, shaggy creature looked quite gentle, and perhaps it would go away if no one harmed it. Perhaps it was just looking for something to eat, and as it couldn't find anything in the bedroom tent it might go to the one where the cooking was done.

Bunker Blue was still sound asleep, and so was Uncle Tad. Nor had Sue, sleeping next to her mother, in the other part of the tent, been awakened. Just Bunny Brown, and his father and mother were wide awake. Oh, yes, of course the bear was not asleep. I forgot about that. His little black eyes blinked, and opened and shut, and he wrinkled up his rubber-like nose as he sniffed the air.

"Well, aren't you going to tell me what it is? What's the matter in there? What happened?" asked Mother Brown. "If you don't tell me——"

By this time Bunny Brown made up his mind that he would be brave. He uncovered one eye and peered out from beneath the bed clothes. His first sight was of the bear, who was still there.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Bunny. "It *is* a bear! It's a big, black bear! I didn't dream it! It's real! a real, big, black bear!"

Mrs. Brown heard what her little boy said.

"Oh, Walter!" she cried to her husband. "Throw something at it. Here's my shoe—throw that. I've got two shoes, but I can only find one. Throw that at the bear and make him go away!"

Mrs. Brown threw over the curtain, that divided the tent into two parts, one of her shoes.

She really had two shoes, but when she felt under her cot in the dark, she could only find one. You know how it is when you try to find anything in the dark, even if it's a drink of water in the chair at the head of our bed. You move your hand all over, and you think some one must have come in and taken the water away. And when you get a light you find that, all the while, your hand was about an inch away from the glass. It was that way with Mrs. Brown's other shoe.

But she threw one over the curtain, calling out again:

"Hit him with that, Walter! Hit the bear with my shoe!"

But there was no need for Mr. Brown to do anything. The shoe thrown by Bunny's mother sailed through the tent. Straight at the bear it went, and before the shaggy creature could get out of the way, the shoe hit him on the end of the nose.

"Bunk!" went the shoe.

"Wuff!" grunted the bear.

Now you know a bear's nose is his most tender part. You could hit him on his head, or on his back, or on his paw—that is if you were brave enough to hit a bear at all—but you would not hurt him, hardly any, unless you hit him right on the end of his soft and tender nose. That's the best place to hit a bear if you want to drive him away, out of your tent, or anything like that. Hit him on the nose.

"Whack!" went Mrs. Brown's shoe on the end of the bear's nose.

"Wuff!" grunted the bear, and down he dropped on all four paws.

Now Mrs. Brown really did not mean to

hit the bear. She was just tossing her shoe over the curtain so her husband might have something to throw at the bear, and, as it happened, she hit the bear by accident.

Of course it might have been better if one of Mr. Brown's shoes had hit the bear. I mean it would have been better for the Brown family, but worse for the bear. Because Mr. Brown's shoes were larger and heavier than his wife's. But then, it turned out all right, anyhow.

For, no sooner did the bear feel Mrs. Brown's shoe hit him on the nose, than he cried out:

"Wuff!"

Then he turned quickly around, and ran out of the tent.

"Did you throw my shoe at him? Did you make him go away?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Because if you didn't, Walter, I've found my other shoe now, and I'll throw that to you."

"You won't need to, my dear," said Mr. Brown with a laugh. "One shoe was enough. You hit the bear yourself!"

"I did?"

"Yes, and he's gone. It's all right, Bunny. You can put your head out now. The bear is gone."

Bunny peeped with one eye, and when he saw that the big, shaggy creature was no longer there, he put his whole head out. Then, with a bound he jumped out of bed, and ran toward the back part of the tent, where his mother and sister were sleeping.

"Where you going, Bunny?" asked his father. "There's no more danger; the bear has gone."

"I—I'm just going in here to get my pop gun, so if the bear comes back—" Bunny said, "My pop gun is in here."

"Oh," said Mr. Brown, "I thought you were going to crawl in bed with your mother."

"Oh, no—no!" Bunny quickly answered, shaking his head. "I—I just want my pop gun. But," he went on, "if mother *wants* me to get in bed with her, and keep the bear away, why I will. Don't be afraid. I'll get in bed with you, Mother!"

"Oh, I guess the bear won't come back," said Mr. Brown with a laugh.

"Well, I'll get in bed with mother anyhow," said Bunny. "I'll have my pop gun all ready."

By this time Uncle Tad, Bunker Blue and Sue had been awakened by the talk. Outside the tent Splash could be heard barking, and there was a noise among the trees and bushes that told that the bear was running away.

"I—I hope he doesn't bite our dog," said Bunny.

"Oh, I guess Splash will know enough to keep away from the bear," replied Mr. Brown. "Besides, I think the bear was only a tame one, anyhow."

"A tame bear?" asked Uncle Tad, as he was told all that had happened.

"Yes. He didn't act at all like a wild one. Besides, there aren't any wild bears in this part of the country. This was a tame one all right."

"Where did it come from?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, I think it got away from some man who goes about the country making the bear do tricks. Probably in the morning we'll see

the man looking for his bear," answered her husband.

And that is just what happened. There was no more trouble that night. Everyone went to sleep again, Bunny in the cot with his mother; though when he was asleep and slumbering soundly, she carried him back to his own little bed near his father.

Soon after breakfast the next morning, when they were talking about the bear scare in the night, along came a man, who looked like an Italian organ-grinder. He said he had a pet, tame bear, who had broken away from where he was tied, in the night.

And it was this bear who had wandered into the tent where Bunny was sleeping. Where the bear was now no one knew, but the Italian said he would walk off through the woods, and see if he could not find his pet, which he had trained to do many tricks.

Two or three days later, Mr. Brown heard that the bear was safely found, so there was no more need to worry about his coming into the tent at night.

That day Daddy Brown, with the help of

Uncle Tad and Bunker Blue printed a big cloth sign which they hung up between two trees. The sign read:

CAMP REST-A-WHILE

"There," said Daddy Brown, "now the postman will know where to find us when he comes with letters."

"Oh, do they have mail up here?" asked Sue.

"No, daddy is only joking," said her mother. "I guess we'll have to go to the post office for letters."

One day, when they had been in camp about a week, Bunny and Sue, with the others, returned from a walk in the woods. As they came near the "dining-room tent," as they called it, they saw a ragged boy spring up from the table with some pieces of bread and meat, and dash into the bushes.

"Hold on there! Who are you? What do you want?" cried Daddy Brown. But the ragged boy did not stop running. He wanted to hide in the bushes.

CHAPTER IX

TOM HEARS A NOISE

BUNNY BROWN and his sister Sue, with their father, mother, Uncle Tad and Bunker Blue, hurried on toward the tent under which was set the dining table. They could see where the ragged boy had made a meal for himself, taking the bread and meat from the ice box. For a refrigerator had been brought to camp, and the iceman came on a boat, once a day, to leave ice.

"Who is he?" asked Bunny Brown, looking toward the bushes behind which the strange boy had run.

"What did he want?" Sue asked.

"I can answer you, Sue, but I can't answer Bunny," said Mr. Brown. "That boy was hungry, and wanted something to eat, but who he is I don't know."

"Poor little chap," said Mrs. Brown in a

kind voice. "He didn't need to run away just because he wanted something to eat. I would be glad to give him all he wanted. I wouldn't see anyone go hungry."

"He looked like a tramp," said Bunker.

"But he was only a boy," remarked Uncle Tad.

"I wish he hadn't run away," said Mother Brown. "I don't believe he got half enough to eat. He took only a little." She could tell that by looking in the ice box.

By this time Splash, the big dog, who had not come up with the others, now rushed into camp. He sniffed around, and then, all of a sudden, he made a dash for a clump of bushes, and, standing in front of it began barking loudly.

"Oh, maybe the bear's come back and is hiding in there!" cried Bunny.

"More likely it's that ragged boy," said Uncle Tad. "That's where he made a rush for as soon as we came up."

Splash seemed about to go into the bushes himself, and drive, or drag, out whatever was hiding there.

But Mr. Brown called:

"Here, Splash! Come here, sir!"

The dog came back and then Bunny's father, going over to the bushes, looked down among them.

"You'd better come out," he said, to someone. The children could not see who it was. "Come on out," said Mr. Brown, "we won't hurt you."

Out of the bushes came the ragged boy. In his hand he still had some of the bread and meat he had taken from the ice box.

Bunny and Sue looked at him.

The boy's clothes were very ragged, but they seemed to be clean. He had on no shoes or stockings, but one foot was wrapped up in a rag, as though he had cut himself. He limped a little, too, as he came forward.

"I—I couldn't run very fast with my sore foot, or I'd a' got away from you," he said slowly.

"But why should you want to get away?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Well, I took some of your stuff—I was hungry and I went through the ice box—and

I s'posed you'd be looking for a policeman to have me arrested. That's why I ran. But I couldn't go very far, so I hid in the bushes. I thought I could get away when you weren't looking. Here's your stuff," and he held out to Mrs. Brown what was left of the bread and meat. Bunny and Sue thought the ragged boy looked hungrily at the food as he offered to give it back.

"You poor boy!" said Mrs. Brown, "I don't want it! You're welcome to that and more, if you need it. You must be hungry!"

"I am, lady. I haven't had anything since morning. I started to go back to the city, but it's farther than I thought, and I lost my way. When I struck this camp, I saw the sign—'Rest-a-While,' so I sat down to rest. Then I saw the ice box, and I was hungry, and—and I—well, I just helped myself."

His face was sunburned, so it could not be told whether he was blushing or not, but he hung his head as if ashamed of what he had done. He still held out the meat to Mrs. Brown.

Splash, who, now that he knew the boy was

a friend of the family, did not bark any more, slid gently up, and began nibbling at the meat and bread in the boy's hand.

"Oh, look at Splash!" laughed Sue.

"Here, Splash! That isn't for you!" cried Mr. Brown. "But you might as well give it to him now, now that he's had his tongue on it," said Mr. Brown to the ragged boy. "We'll give you some more."

"Yes, sit right up to the table," said Mrs. Brown. "I'll get you a good meal."

The boy's eyes filled with tears, and he turned his head away so they would not be seen.

"Where did you come from?" asked Daddy Brown, as Mrs. Brown was setting out some food.

"I come from Benton," the boy answered, naming a city about twenty miles away. "I've lived there all my life until about a week ago, and I wish I was back there now."

"How did you come to leave?"

"Well, all my folks died, and I couldn't make much of a living selling papers, running errands and blacking shoes, so when a farmer

down in the city market, said he wanted a boy on his farm, I said I'd come and work for him.

"I rode out on his wagon, after he had sold all his stuff one day, and I came to a place called Fayetteville."

"Yes, I know where that is," said Mr. Brown. "It's on the other side of the lake."

"I went to work for the farmer," said the ragged boy, who gave his name as Tom Vine, "but it was worse than being in the city. I never had a minute's rest and I didn't get enough to eat. I wasn't used to working out in the hot sun, and my legs and arms seemed as if they'd burn off me."

"Yes, I can see you're pretty well burned," said Mr. Brown. "Then you ran away?"

"Yes, sir. I couldn't stand it any longer. The farmer and his hired man used to whip me if I made a mistake, or if I didn't get up early enough. And they used to get up before daylight. So I made up my mind to run away, and go back to the city.

"I used to think the country was nice," the ragged boy went on, "but I don't any more.

I don't mind working, but I don't want to be starved and whipped all the while. So I ran off, but I guess I got lost, for I can't find the way back to the city. I don't know what to do. When I got here, and saw that sign about resting, I thought that was what I needed. So I came in."

"And I'm glad you did," said Mrs. Brown. "Now you eat this and you'll feel better. Then I'll look at your sore foot, and we'll see what to do with you."

"You—you won't have me arrested; will you?" asked the boy.

"No, indeed!" said Mr. Brown.

"And you—you won't send me back to that farmer?"

"No, I think not. He has no right to make you work for him if you don't want to. Don't be afraid," said Bunny's father. "We'll look after you."

A little later the ragged boy had eaten a good meal. Then he was given some of Bunker Blue's old clothes, for he was almost as large as the red-haired boy, and the old clothes were thrown away.

Mr. Brown looked at the boy's sore foot, and found that there was a big sharp thorn in one toe. When this thorn had been taken out, and the toe bound up with salve, the ragged boy said he felt much better. Perhaps I shouldn't call him a ragged boy any longer, for he was not, with Bunker's clothes on.

"Mother, is he going to stay with us?" asked Bunny that evening when it was nearly supper time, and the new boy—Tom Vine—had gone after a pail of water at the spring.

"Would you care to have him stay?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes," said Sue. "He's nice. I like him."

"Well, we'll keep him for a while," answered Mrs. Brown. "He needs help, I think."

Tom Vine told more of his story after supper. He had never been away from the city's pavements in all his life before he went out to the country with the farmer who hired him. He had never seen the ocean, or the woods. He did not even know that cows gave milk until he saw the farmer's hired man milking one day.

"I just don't know anything about the woods or the country," the boy said to Bunny and Sue, "so you can fool me all you like."

"Oh, we won't fool you," said Bunny kindly. "We'll tell you all we know."

"Thanks," said Tom Vine.

He had offered to travel on, after supper, and try to get back to the city.

"I don't want to be a trouble to you folks," he said to Mrs. Brown. "In the city I know some fellows, and they'll lend me money enough to buy some papers, and start in business."

"You had better stay with us awhile," said Mrs. Brown. "We have enough room for you, and you can help about camp."

"I can wash and dry dishes!" cried Tom eagerly. "I worked in a restaurant for a week once, and I know how to handle dishes."

"Then we can give you plenty of work," said Mrs. Brown with a laugh. "For if there is one thing, in camp or at home, that I don't like it is washing dishes."

"I'll do them for you!" cried Tom, "and I'll be glad of the chance, too!"

"All right then. You'll be the head dish-washer of Camp Rest-a-While," said Mr. Brown, smiling.

And that is how Tom Vine came to stay with the Browns while they lived in the woods near Lake Wanda.

Tom, indeed, knew very little about the country. As he said, he had never been away from the city pavements, winter or summer, in all his life before. The first night in camp, when he was sleeping next to Bunker Blue, in a little part of the tent that had been curtained off for them, Tom awakened Bunker, by reaching over and punching him in the ribs.

"Hey, listen to that!" cried Tom.

"To what?" asked Bunker, only half awake.

"Somebody is outside the tent, calling: 'Who? Who? Who?'" said Tom. "I didn't do anything, did you? What do they holler 'who' for?"

Bunker listened. Surely enough he heard very plainly:

"Who? Who? Too-who?"

"Hear it?" asked Tom.

"Yes, it's only an owl," Bunker answered. "There's lots of 'em in these woods."

"What's an owl?" Tom wanted to know.

"Oh, it's a bird with big eyes, and it can only see at night. It comes out to get mice and bugs. Owls won't hurt you. Go on to sleep."

Tom did not go to sleep at once. But he was no longer afraid of the owl.

Tom was just going to sleep once more, when he heard another funny noise. This time he was sure some one said:

"Katy did! Katy did! Katy did!"

Tom sat up in his cot. He reached over to punch Bunker, to ask him what this was, when, all at once, another voice cried:

"Katy didn't! Katy didn't! Katy didn't!"

"Listen to that, now, would you!" exclaimed Tom. "Bunker! Bunker Blue! Wake up! There's two people outside, and one says Katy did it, and the other says she didn't—who's right?"

CHAPTER X

OUT IN THE BOAT

BUNKER BLUE turned sleepily over on his cot.

"What—what's that?" he asked of Tom.

"Listen," Tom answered. "Don't you hear that, Bunker? First someone is hollering about Katy's doing something, and then somebody else yells that she didn't do it. Say, I don't like it here."

Bunker Blue laughed aloud.

"What's the matter out there?" asked Daddy Brown.

"Oh, it's only Tom," said the red-haired boy. "He doesn't like the song of the katydids."

"Song! Is that a song?" asked Tom.

"Some people call it that," said Mr. Brown, for he knew that a city boy might be just as frightened of sounds in the country as a country boy might of sounds in the city.

"That noise is made by a little green bug, called a katydid," Mr. Brown explained. "It looks something like a grasshopper."

"But they don't all say 'Katy did,'" objected Tom.

"No, some of them seem to say 'Katy didn't,'" agreed Mr. Brown. "Of course they don't really say those words. It only sounds as if they did. Now go to sleep. In the morning I'll show you a katydid."

Tom was not frightened any longer. He turned over and was soon sound asleep. Mr. Brown and Bunker also closed their eyes and the tent in Camp Rest-a-While was quiet once more. Bunny and Sue had not awakened.

Early the next morning, before breakfast, Tom was seen walking about among the trees of the camp. He seemed to be looking for something.

"What are you looking for?" asked Bunny.

"For Katy," Tom answered.

"There isn't any Katy with us," said Sue. "We have a cook, but her name is Mary, and she isn't here with us, anyhow. She's at home."

"No, I'm looking for a Katy bug," explained Tom, and then he told about the noises he had heard in the night.

"I'll help you look," said Bunny.

"So will I," added Sue. "I'd like to see a Katy bug."

But, though the children and Tom looked all over, they could not find a katydid until Mr. Brown helped them. Then on a tree he found one of the queer, light-green grasshopper-like bugs and showed it to the children.

"Why doesn't it cry now?" Sue wanted to know. "Make it cry, Daddy, so I can hear it!"

"Oh, I can't do that," Mr. Brown said with a laugh. "The katydid cries, or sings, mostly at night. I guess they don't want anyone to see them. Besides, I don't just know how they make the noises, whether they rub their rough legs together, or make a sound somewhere inside them. So I guess we'll have to let them do as they please."

Tom and the children stood for some little time, watching the pretty, green bug, and then came the sound of a bell.

"There!" cried Mr. Brown, with a laugh. "I guess you all know who made that noise, and what it means."

"It means breakfast!" cried Bunny.

"And mother rang the bell!" added Sue.

"That's right," said Bunker Blue, coming along just then. "And your mother doesn't want you to be late, either, for she's baking cakes, and you know how you like them!"

"Oh, cakes!" cried Bunny, clapping his hands. "I just love them!"

Soon the little party, including the new boy, Tom Vine, were seated around the table under the dining tent, eating pancakes that Mrs. Brown cooked over the oil stove.

Bunny and Sue said nothing for several minutes. They were too busy eating. Then Bunny, looking at Tom, asked:

"Can you jump over an elephant?"

"Jump over elephants? I guess not!" the new boy cried. "I never saw an elephant, except in a picture."

"We did," said Sue. "We saw a real elephant in a real circus, and we had a make-believe circus with a pretend elephant in it."

"And we knowed a boy named Ben Hall, who used to be in a real circus," went on Bunny. "He could jump over an elephant, and I thought maybe you could, too."

"No," said Tom, with a shake of his head. "I'm sorry, but I can't do that. About the only thing I can do is wash and dry the dishes."

"Well, it's a good thing to be able to do even one thing well," said Mrs. Brown, "and I'm glad you're here to wash and dry the dishes. There are plenty of them."

"I know something else you can do," said Bunny, smiling at Tom.

"What is it?"

"You can eat."

"Yes," and Tom laughed. "I like to eat, and I'm hungry three times a day."

"Bunny and Sue are hungry oftener than that," said Uncle Tad. "At least they say they are, and they come in and get bread and jam."

Bunny and Sue looked at each other and laughed.

After breakfast, just as he had said he would do, Tom Vine picked up the dishes, and got

ready to wash them. Mrs. Brown watched him for a few minutes, until she was sure that he knew just how to go about it. Then she left him to himself.

"He is a very nice, neat and clean boy," she said to her husband. "I'm glad he came to us. But what are we going to do with him? We can't keep him always."

"Well, we'll let him stay with us while we are in camp here in the woods," said Mr. Brown, "and when we go back home, well, I can find something for him to do at the boat-dock, perhaps—that is, if he doesn't want to go back to the city."

While Tom was doing the dishes Bunny and Sue had gone off into the wood a little way, to where they had made for themselves a little play-house of branches of trees, stuck in the ground. It was a sort of green tent, and in it Sue had put some of her dolls, while Bunny had taken to it some of his toys. The children often played there.

But they did not do anything for very long at a time, getting tired of one thing after another as all children do. So when Sue had

undressed and dressed her two dolls, combing and braiding their hair, she said to Bunny:

"Oh, let's do something else now."

"All right," replied her brother. "What shall we do?"

"Can't you think of some fun?" Sue wanted to know.

Bunny rubbed his nose. He often did that when he was thinking. Then he cried:

"Let's ask mother to let Bunker Blue take us out in the boat. I want to go fishing."

"That will be nice," Sue said. "I'd like a boat ride, too."

Back to the camp went the children, but when they reached the tents they saw neither their father nor mother, nor was Uncle Tad or Bunker Blue in sight.

"They've gone away!" said Sue.

"Yes, so they have," agreed Bunny. "But I guess they didn't go far, or they'd have told us. Mother knew where we were."

"Let's go find them," said Sue. "Maybe they went out in the boat."

"We'll look," agreed Bunny.

The two children went to the edge of the lake, where a big willow tree overhung the water. The boat was kept tied to this tree.

"Oh, the boat's gone!" exclaimed Sue, as she reached the place and did not see it. "The boat's gone, Bunny!"

"Then they must have gone for a row, and they didn't take us!" and Bunny was much disappointed. He looked across the lake, up and down, as did Sue, and then both children cried out:

"Oh, look!" said Sue.

"There's the boat," added Bunny. "And Tom Vine is in it all alone! He hasn't got any oars, either. Look, Sue!"

Surely enough, there was the boat, some distance out in the lake, and Tom, the city boy, who knew nothing at all about boats, was in it. As he saw Bunny and Sue he waved his hands to them, and cried:

"Come and get me! I can't get back! I'm afraid! Come and get me!"

CHAPTER XI

TOM SEES A MAN

BUNNY BROWN and his sister Sue stood by the lake shore, and didn't know what to do. Some distance out on the water floated the boat with Tom Vine standing up in it, waving his hands. And Tom cried once more:

"Come and get me! Come and get me!"

Bunny was the first to speak after that. And he said just the right thing.

"Sit down, Tom!" cried Bunny. "Sit down, or you'll tip over, and then you'll be drowned, and we can't get you."

Bunny shouted loudly, and his clear, high voice could easily be heard by Tom, for there was no wind, or at least only a little, to ruffle the water of the lake. Tom heard, and he knew what Bunny meant. Very carefully he sat down on one of the seats in the boat.

"Are you coming to get me?" he asked.

"I can't get back to shore, and I can't swim. I don't like it out here!"

"Just sit still, and we'll think up a way to get you," called Bunny. "But don't stand up, whatever you do."

"No, you must keep sitting down," added Sue.

Mr. Brown had often told his children how to act when in boats. Small as they were they could both swim a little, Bunny, of course, better than Sue, because he was older. And they had both been told what to do in case they fell into the water—hold their breath until they came to the top, when someone might save them, if they could not swim out.

But it was what Mr. Brown had told Bunny about not standing up in a boat that the little fellow now first remembered to shout to Tom. He did not want to see the new boy fall over into the lake.

And Tom must have known what Bunny meant, for he was now sitting very quietly in the boat, looking toward the shore where Bunny and Sue stood.

"How did you get out there?" Bunny asked.

He had not yet thought of a way to get Tom back to land.

"I—I didn't think the boat would float away," Tom answered. "I got in it and untied the rope. Then, the first thing I knew I was away out here. The wind blew me out, but it won't blow me back. I'll soon be out in the middle, I guess!"

Though there had been enough wind to blow Tom, in the boat, away from shore, there was hardly any wind now, so the boy could not be blown back. And how to get him to shore was something that Bunny and Sue could not tell how to do, especially as there were no oars in the boat.

"He can't row without oars," said Bunny.

"No, he can't," said Sue. She knew enough about boats to tell that. "And he hasn't any sail," she added.

"Haven't you got a stick, so you can push yourself back to shore?" called Bunny.

"I have a little stick, but it won't touch bottom," Tom answered. As he spoke he held up a short tree branch. Bunny had used it the day before as a fishpole, and when through

playing had tossed it into the boat. Tom reached this stick over the side of the boat, and put it down into the water. But the lake was too deep there to let him touch the bottom, and so push himself to shore.

"Can't you swim out and get me, Bunny?" Tom cried. He was not as old a boy as was Bunker Blue, and so he was quite easily frightened, especially as he could not swim, and knew hardly anything about boats.

"Swim out and get me, Bunny!" Tom begged.

Bunny Brown shook his head.

"I couldn't swim that far," he shouted. "Besides, I'm not let go in the water unless my father or mother, or Uncle Tad or Bunker Blue is with me, and they're not here now."

"But how can I get back?" poor Tom wanted to know.

"We'll get you, somehow!" cried Bunny. "Won't we, Sue?"

"Yes," answered the little girl. But neither she nor her brother knew how they were going to save Tom.

"Anyhow, if I could swim that far, and

daddy would let me," went on Bunny, speaking to his sister, "I couldn't take the oars out, and if I didn't have oars to row with, I couldn't bring the boat back, or Tom either."

"No, you couldn't," Sue said. She knew enough about boats to tell that, for she could row a little, with a light pair of oars.

"Call your father or mother!" called Tom, who was now farther from shore than ever. "Call them! Maybe they can get another boat, and come after me."

So Bunny and Sue called as loudly as they could, but neither Mr. Brown, his wife, Bunker nor Uncle Tad answered. They had taken a walk back in the woods, when Tom started to wash the dishes, and when Bunny and Sue were playing house in the leafy bower, and they had gone farther than they intended. So they could not hear Bunny and Sue calling.

"It's no use," said Bunny, after a bit. "We've got to save him ourselves, Sue. But I wonder how we can do it."

Sue thought for a minute. She did not rub her nose as Bunny had done. She could think without doing that. Then Sue said:

"If we only had a string on the boat, Bunny, we could pull Tom right to us. We could stand on shore and pull him in, just as we did with your little sail boat."

"That's right—we could!" cried Bunny. Then he called:

"Tom, has you got a rope on your boat? If you has throw it to me and Sue, and we'll pull you in by it."

Tom looked in the bottom of the boat.

"There's a rope here," he said, "but it isn't long enough to reach to shore."

He held it up so the children could see. Certainly it was not half long enough. It was the rope by which the boat had been tied to the tree.

While Bunny and Sue stood there, wondering what to do, there came a rustling, cracking sound in the bushes back of them. They quickly turned, and saw their dog, Splash. He had been roving about in the woods, and had now come back to camp.

"Oh, Splash!" cried Bunny. "You can do it, I know you can!"

"What can he do?" asked Sue.

"He can swim out to Tom in the boat, and pull him back to shore. Go on, Splash!" cried Bunny, pointing to poor Tom. "Go on and get him! Bring him back!"

Splash bounded around and barked. He looked to where Bunny pointed, but though the dog could understand some of the things Bunny said, he could not tell just what his little master wanted this time. Tom was watching what was going on, and now he called:

"I know a better way than that."

"What?" asked Bunny.

"If you had a long cord, you could tie one end to a stick, and give it to Splash to bring to me. Then I could tie it to the boat, and you could pull me to shore."

"Oh, yes, we can do that!" cried Bunny.

"Have you got a long cord?" Tom asked.

"Yes, one I fly my kite with. I brought the cord along, but now I haven't any kite. I'll get that."

Bunny ran to the tent where he kept his box of playthings. He soon returned with a stick, on which was wound a long and very strong cord.

"This will pull the boat," he said.

He looked around for a stick to tie onto the end of the cord, and when he had done this he gave the stick to the dog.

"Take it out to Tom!" ordered Bunny.

But Splash only barked and dropped the stick. He wagged his tail, as if he were saying:

"I'll do anything you want me to, little master, but I don't know just what you mean."

Once more Tom called across the water.

"Throw the stick into the lake, Bunny. Then Splash will bring it to me. He knows how to jump in after sticks you throw into the water; doesn't he?"

"Oh, yes, Splash knows that all right," Bunny said. "Here, Splash!" he called.

Into the lake Bunny tossed the stick to which was fastened one end of his kite cord.

"Get it, Splash!" cried the little boy.

With a bark Splash sprang into the water. But instead of swimming out to Tom with the stick and string, he swam back to shore. That was what he had been taught to do, you see.

Splash dropped the stick at Bunny's feet, and wagging his wet tail, spattered drops all over Sue. The dog barked, looking up at Bunny, and seeming to say:

"There, little master! Didn't I do that fine? Wasn't that just what you wanted me to do?"

"No! No!" cried Bunny. "I don't want the stick, Splash! Take it to Tom—out in the boat—take it to him!" and he pointed to Tom.

Once more Bunny threw the stick into the water, and once more Splash sprang in and brought it to shore. It was not until Bunny had told Splash four times, that the dog knew what was wanted.

Then the fifth time, when Bunny threw the stick into the water, Splash jumped in after it and swam out to Tom in the boat. Tom kept calling:

"Here, Splash! Here, Splash! Come on, good dog!"

Up to the boat, with the stick and cord, swam the dog. Tom made the string fast to the boat, and then Bunny and Sue, standing on shore, pulled on their end. They pulled

INTO THE LAKE BUNNY TOSSED THE STICK.

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Camp Rest-a-While. *Page* **115.**

slowly at first, so as not to break the cord. But, once the boat was started, it came along easily, and soon Tom was on dry land again. Splash swam along behind the boat.

"There!" Tom cried, as he tied the boat fast. "I'll never do that again!"

"We're not let get in the boat," said Bunny, "but I guess daddy forgot to tell you."

"If he had I'd never have gotten in," Tom said. "But I'm glad you pulled me to shore."

The rest of the campers came back soon after that, and Mr. Brown got Tom to promise never to get in the boat alone again. Of course Tom was not in any real danger as long as he kept still, and Mr. Brown might easily have gone out and rescued him in another boat. But I think it was very clever of Bunny and Sue, and Splash, too, to get Tom back to shore as they did; don't you?

There were many happy, joyful days at Camp Rest-a-While. The children went on little picnics in the woods and often they were taken out in the boat by Bunker Blue. Bunny had a real fishpole and line and hook now, with "squiggily" worms, as Sue called them,

for bait, and the little boy caught some real fish.

It was about a week after Tom's adventure in the drifting boat that one day, as he was walking through the woods with Bunny and Sue, on their way back from a farmhouse where they had gone after milk, that Tom suddenly came to a stop along the path.

"Wait a minute!" he said in a whisper, to Bunny and Sue.

"What's the matter?" Bunny wanted to know. "You look afraid, Tom. Are you?"

"Yes, I am," said Tom, and even Sue could tell that he was when she looked at him.

"Did you—did you see a snake?" she asked, drawing closer to Bunny, for Sue did not like snakes, either.

"No, it wasn't a snake," returned Tom. "It was a man. Here, come on back among the bushes, and he can't see us," and, as he spoke, Tom drew Bunny and Sue away from the path, behind some thick bushes. Tom seemed very much afraid of something. And he had said he had seen a man. Bunny and Sue could not imagine why Tom should be afraid of a man.

CHAPTER XII

THE CROSS MAN

"COME on! Come on!" whispered Tom to Bunny and Sue, as he led them still deeper back in among the bushes. "Don't let him hear you! Come on, and we'll hide!"

"Who is it? What's the matter?" Bunny wanted to know.

"Hush!" whispered Tom. "It's that man! He's after me, I guess. I'll tell you about it when we get away. He's coming! Hurry!"

Certainly someone, or something, was coming along the path from which Tom and the two children had just stepped to go in among the bushes. Tom was in such a hurry that he pulled Bunny and Sue along with him harder than he meant to. Finally Bunny said:

"Oh, Tom, I'm spilling the milk!"

Bunny was carrying the pail of milk they had bought at the farmhouse, and, though the

pail had a cover on it, some of the milk had splashed out, and was running down Bunny's stocking.

"Set the pail down here, and we'll get it when we come back—after that man goes," Tom said, in a whisper.

Bunny put the pail down on the ground, near a big stone, so he would know where to look for it again. Then, to hide, they all squeezed as far back in the bushes as they could, and waited.

"Is he coming after us?" asked Sue in a whisper.

"No, I guess he's only after me," answered Tom. "He won't touch you or Bunny."

"Is it a Gypsy man?" Bunny wanted to know.

"No, he isn't a Gypsy," replied Tom. "He's just a cross, bad man; and I don't want him to see me. Keep your heads down."

Bunny and Sue did so. Like frightened rabbits they crouched among the bushes. Tom kept hold of their hands, and though the children knew that Tom was afraid, for he had said so, still Bunny and Sue were not very

much frightened, as long as the man was not a Gypsy and did not want them.

"There! He's gone past!" exclaimed Tom, as he stood up to look over the tops of the bushes. "He's gone, and we can come out. He didn't see us—he won't get me this time."

"But who was he?" Bunny wanted to know. Tom, however, did not seem to hear him. Still holding Bunny and Sue by the hand, Tom led them back to the path. Bunny picked up the pail of milk.

"I'll carry it for you," Tom said. "We've got to hurry back to camp."

"Why?" asked Sue. "I can't hurry very much, for my legs hurt."

"I'll carry you," said Tom, "if Bunny will take the milk pail."

"Yes, I'll do that," said the little boy.

Once more he took the pail, while Tom hoisted Sue up onto his shoulder.

"Give me a piggy-back!" Sue begged, so Tom carried her pickaback, while Sue held tightly to her doll. Tom marched ahead along the path, and soon they were safely at the tent. Before Tom could say anything, Bun-

ny and Sue, seeing their father and mother, called out:

"Oh, Tom saw a man, and we hid!"

Mr. and Mrs. Brown did not know what this meant.

"What sort of man was he?" asked Mrs. Brown quickly.

"He wasn't a Gypsy man," Bunny said.

"But he was after Tom, only he didn't see us," added Sue. "And I had a piggy-back ride home, and some milk got spilled on Bunny's stocking, but not much, and I'm hungry!"

Sue believed in telling everything at once, to have it over with.

"What is it all about?" asked Mr. Brown of Tom. "Did you and the children really hide from a man?"

"Yes, sir."

"What man was it? I hope there aren't any tramps in these woods."

"Oh, no, he wasn't a tramp. He was the farmer I told you about—the one I worked for, and from whom I ran away. I guess he was looking for me," Tom answered.

"Hum," said Mr. Brown. "Well, I suppose we'll have to wait and see what he wants. Was he coming this way?"

"No, he seemed to be wandering through the woods, as if he didn't know where to go."

"Oh, well, maybe he won't find you," said Mrs. Brown.

"I hope he doesn't," returned Tom, looking over his shoulder.

No strange man came to camp that night, and Bunny and Sue soon forgot all about the little fright Tom had had. But two days later, just as dinner was finished, there came a man rowing in a boat to the little wooden camp-dock Bunker Blue had built out into the lake.

Out of the boat climbed a man with black whiskers. He had on big, heavy boots, and in one hand he carried a whip. He walked up the path from the lake, and when he saw Mr. Brown and his family at the table, under the tent, which was wide open, the man stood still.

"Camp Rest-a-While, eh?" he said in rather a rough voice, as he read the sign. "Well,

maybe this is the place I'm looking for. Have you seen a boy—a ragged boy—about fifteen years old in these woods?" he asked.

Before Mr. Brown could answer, Tom Vine, who had gone to the spring for a pail of water, came back. At the sight of the man Tom dropped the pail, spilling the water. At the same time the "ragged boy" cried out:

"There he is! There's the man! He's after me! Oh, please don't let him take me away!"

Tom turned to run back into the woods, but Mr. Brown called to him:

"Stay right where you are, Tom! This man won't hurt you. Stay where you are."

Though he was much frightened, Tom stood still.

"Now then, what do you want?" asked Mr. Brown of the man with the whip.

"I want that boy!" answered the man, pointing the whip at poor Tom. "I hired him to work for me, but he ran away. I want him back, and I'm going to have him!"

And oh, what a rough, cross voice the man had! He wasn't at all nice, Bunny and Sue thought.

"I've been looking for that boy, and now I've found him. I want to take him back with me," the cross man went on. "I was hunting all through these woods for him, and yesterday I heard that a boy like him was in a camp over here. So I came for to find out about it, and I've found him!"

"Is that the man you saw in the woods, when we went after milk the other day, Tom?" asked Bunny in a whisper.

"Yes," nodded Tom.

"Well, if this boy doesn't want to go with you I'm not going to make him," said Mr. Brown. "He came to us, and said you had not treated him well. I'll not send him back to you. Are you the farmer who hired him?"

"Yes, I'm that farmer," said the man, scowling. "Jake Trimble is my name, and when I want a thing I get it! I want that boy!"

"Oh, please don't make me go back to work for him!" begged Tom. "He beat me, and he didn't give me enough to eat!"

"Don't be afraid," said Mr. Brown. "He shan't have you!"

"I say I will!" cried the cross man. "That

boy hired out to work for me, and I want him!"

"You can't have him," said Mr. Brown quietly. "And I want you to go away from here. This is my camp, and it is a private one. Go. You can't have this boy."

"But he ran away from me!" said the cross man.

"Perhaps he did. He said he could not stand the way you treated him. Any boy would have run away," replied Mr. Brown. "I'm looking after this boy now, and I say you can't have him."

"Well, I'll get him, somehow, you see if I don't!" cried the cross man, as he turned to go back to his boat. And he shook his whip at Tom. "I'll get you yet!" he said. "And when I do I'll make you work twice as hard. You'll see!"

"Don't be afraid, Tom," said Mr. Brown, when the unkind man was gone. "I won't let him hurt you."

Tom picked up the overturned pail, and went again to the spring for water. When he came back he said:

"That was the farmer I met in the city. He took me out to his place, and was very mean to me. I just had to run away. I didn't think he'd try to find me. But I knew he must be looking for me when we saw him in the woods that day. I hid away from him then, but now he knows where I am."

"Don't you care," said Sue. "My daddy won't let him hurt you; will you, Daddy?" and she put her arms around her father's neck.

"We'll take care of Tom," said Mr. Brown. "I guess that man won't come back."

CHAPTER XIII

A BAD STORM

BUNKER BLUE was sitting out in front of the big camp-tent, on a bench, one day, with a pile of long sticks in front of him. With his knife Bunker was whittling the sticks to sharp points.

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue, who had been out in the woods, gathering wild flowers for the dinner table, came up to Bunker, and Bunny asked:

"What you doing, Bunker?"

"Why, I'm sharpening these sticks, Bunny," was the answer.

"What for?" asked Sue, as she put her wax doll down in the shade, so the sun would not melt the nose.

"Oh, I know!" cried Bunny. "You're making arrows! Are you going to have a bow, and shoot the arrows like an Indian, Bunker?"

Bunker Blue shook his head and smiled.

"You'll have to guess again, Bunny," he said.

Bunny took up one of the pointed sticks.

"Are they spears?" asked the little boy, as he put his finger gently on the sharp point. "Indians use spears to catch fish. Are you going to do that, Bunker?"

Bunker shook his head.

"You haven't guessed yet," he said.

"Oh, tell us!" begged Sue. "Is it a secret?"

"Sort of," said Bunker.

"Oh, how nice!" cried Sue. "I just love to guess secrets! Let me have a turn, Bunny."

The two children sat down in the shade near the tent. Bunker kept on making sharp-pointed sticks with his knife. Over in the dining-tent Tom Vine was setting the dinner table. This was some days after the cross man had come to the camp and had gone away. He had not come back since.

"Well, what is your guess, Sue?" asked Bunker, as he kept on making the sharp-pointed sticks.

"Let me see," pondered the little girl. "Oh!

I know what they are for. You're going to put some other pieces of wood on the end of these sticks, Bunker, and make croquet mallets of them so we can have a game!"

"Is that it?" asked Bunny. "Is it for croquet?"

"No, that isn't what they're for," answered Bunker, smiling.

"Anyhow," went on Bunny Brown, "we couldn't play croquet in the woods here, 'cause we haven't any croquet balls."

"Oh, we might use round stones, mightn't we, Bunker?" Sue asked.

"Yes, we might," replied Bunker slowly, as he laid down one sharp-pointed stick and began whittling another. "We might, but that isn't the secret."

"Now, it's my turn to guess!" said Bunny. "You had a turn, Sue."

"Well, what do you say it is?" asked Bunker. "Go on, Bunny."

Bunny thought for about half a minute.

"Are you going to make a trap to catch something?" the little boy asked. Ever since he had come to Camp Rest-a-While he had

begged Bunker to make a trap to catch a fox, or a squirrel, or something like that. Bunny did not want to hurt the wild animals, but he thought he would like to catch one in a trap, and try to tame it.

"No, I'm not making a trap," answered Bunker. "I don't believe you children could guess what these sticks are for if you tried all day. And, as it isn't my secret, I don't believe I'd better tell you. You go and ask your mother—it's mostly her secret—and if she wants to tell you—why, all right."

"Oh, we'll go and ask mother!" cried Bunny. "Come on, Sue!"

The two children found Mrs. Brown in the cooking-tent, getting dinner ready.

"What's the secret?" cried Sue.

"What is Bunker making all the sharp-pointed sticks for?" Bunny wanted to know.

Their mother smiled at them. From a shelf over the oil stove she took down a large platter on which she put the eggs she was cooking.

"What is the secret, Mother?" begged Bunny. "Please tell us!"

"Yes," added Sue. "We've guessed and guessed, but we can't guess right. Bunker said you might tell us."

Mrs. Brown laughed, and, after she had put the platter of eggs on the table, she pointed to two large, round, tin boxes on a chair in the big tent.

"Can you read what it says on those boxes?" Mrs. Brown asked Bunny.

Bunny looked at the long word.

"It begins with a 'M' he said, "and the next letter is 'A' and then comes——"

"Oh, I know what's next!" cried Sue. "It's a 'R.' I can tell by the funny little tail that kicks up behind. It's just like the 'B' for Brown in our name, only the R has a kick-up tail at the end. That letter is a 'R'; isn't it, Mother?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Brown. "But what is the whole word, Bunny? If you can tell what it is you'll know the secret."

Bunny could spell out each letter one after another and he did, until he had spelled this big word:

MARSHMALLOW

But he could not say it. The word was too big for him. So his mother said it for him.

"Those are marshmallow candies in the tin boxes," said Mrs. Brown. "Now can you guess the secret?"

"Oh, I know!" cried Sue. "We're going to have a marshmallow roast by the campfire tonight! Is that it, Mother? And the sharp sticks Bunker is making are to put the marshmallow candies on to hold over the fire and roast! Isn't that it?"

"Yes, Sue, you have guessed it."

"Pooh! I was just going to say that," cried Bunny.

"Well, Sue said it first, dear," went on Bunny's mother. "Now get ready for dinner. After dinner we'll take a nice walk, and this evening, when it gets dark, Uncle Tad is going to build a campfire and we'll all roast marshmallows."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Sue, clapping her hands.

"Jolly, jolly fun!" laughed Bunny.

And that was why Bunker Blue was making the pointed sticks.

"Now for our walk!" called Mother Brown, when the dinner things had been cleared away, and Tom Vine had washed and dried the dishes, Bunny and Sue helping. "We'll take a walk over near the waterfall. I want to take a picture of it."

But, when they were all ready to start—Bunker Blue, Splash and all—Tom Vine could not be found.

"Why, where is he?" asked Bunny. "He was here a minute ago, for I saw him."

"Maybe he's losted," said Sue. She and Bunny got lost or "losted," as they called it, so often, that Sue thought that trouble could very easily happen to anyone.

"No, he isn't lost," said Daddy Brown. "Tom! Tom!" he called. "Where are you?"

"I'm here," was the answer, and Tom stood up. He had been sitting behind a thick bush, down near the edge of the lake.

"Oh, we were looking for you," Mr. Brown said. "Don't you want to come for a walk with us? We are going over toward the waterfall. It is very nice there."

Tom shook his head.

"I don't believe I'll go, thank you," he said.

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Don't you feel well? Don't you like to walk in the woods, Tom?"

"Oh, yes'm, I like the woods, and I feel fine. I never had such good things to eat as I've had in this camp."

"Then why don't you want to come with us?"

"Well—er—well, because, you see that farmer I worked for lives over near the waterfall, and maybe he'll catch me if I go there."

"Oh, I won't let him catch you!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "Come along, Tom. I'll look after you."

Then Tom came out of his hiding place, where he had gone after he heard Mrs. Brown say they were going to the fall. Soon the party of campers were marching through the woods, Tom holding Bunny's hand, while Bunker Blue looked after Sue.

The waterfall was very pretty, the water from a small river falling down over green, mossy rocks, into a deep glen, foaming and bubbling. Mrs. Brown took some pictures

with her photograph camera, and then they sat down in a shady spot, and ate a little lunch they had brought with them. Splash, the big dog, had his share, too.

And that night was the grand marshmallow candy roast. Uncle Tad built a fire of wood in front of the big tent. When the smoke and the hottest flames had died away Bunny and Sue and the others, sitting on logs around the fire, toasted the candies, holding them over the fire on the pointed ends of the sticks Bunker Blue had made with his sharp knife.

"Oh, aren't they good!" cried Sue, as she began to eat a candy she had roasted.

"Look out! They're hot!" called Uncle Tad. But he was too late.

"Ouch!" cried Sue, as the hot candy burned her tongue. "Oh, it hurts!" she sobbed. "It hurts me!"

But Mother Brown put some cold, sweet cream on Sue's tongue, and soon the burning pain stopped.

After that Sue waited until the brown and roasted candy had cooled before she ate any.

"Oh, dear!" suddenly cried Bunny, as he

was roasting a marshmallow for himself. "Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter with you?" asked his father. "Did you burn your tongue, Bunny?"

"No, but my candy slipped off my stick, and it's all burning up in the fire."

"Never mind," said Mother Brown. "Here's another candy. Next time don't hold the marshmallow over the fire so long. That makes it soft, so it melts, and it won't stay on the stick."

After Bunny and Sue learned how to do it they had no trouble roasting the marshmallows. Everyone roasted some except Splash, and he was very glad to eat the browned and puffed-up sweets, even if he could not hold them over the fire. But Splash took good care not to burn his tongue, as Sue had burned hers.

When the candies were all roasted, and eaten, it was time to go to bed. After Bunny and Sue were tucked in their cots, Bunny heard his father and Bunker Blue going about outside the tent. They seemed to be doing something to the ropes.

"What are you doing, Daddy?" Bunny asked.

"I think there's going to be a storm," answered Mr. Brown, "and I want to be sure the tents won't blow away. I'm making the ropes tight."

Pretty soon everyone at Camp Rest-a-While was in bed. It was not long before the wind began to blow and then, all at once, there came a bright flash of lightning, and a loud clap of thunder.

"Oh, what's that?" cried Bunny, sitting up in his cot, for the noise had awakened him. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's a thunder storm," replied his father. "Go to sleep, for it can't hurt you."

But Bunny could not go to sleep, nor could Sue. She, too, was awakened by the bright lightning, and the loud thunder. The wind, too, blew very hard, and it shook the sleeping tent as if it would tear it loose from the ropes.

"Do you think it is safe?" asked Mother Brown.

"Oh, I think so," answered her husband. "Bunker and I put on some extra ropes be-

fore we came in. I guess the tent won't blow away."

Everyone was wide awake now. The storm was a very heavy one. The wind howled through the trees in the wood, and, now and then, a loud crash could be heard, as some tree branch broke off and fell to the ground.

Then, suddenly, it began to rain very hard. My! how the big drops did pelt down on the tent, sounding like dried corn falling on a tin pan!

"Oh, the rain is coming in on me!" cried Bunny. "I'm getting all wet, Daddy!"

Surely enough, there was a little hole in the tent, right over Bunny's cot, and the rain was coming in there.

"Swish!" went the lightning.

"Bang!" went the thunder.

"Whoo-ee!" blew the wind.

It was certainly a bad storm at Camp Rest-a-While.

CHAPTER XIV

TOM IS GONE

"DADDY! Daddy!" cried Sue, from behind the curtain, in the part of the tent where she slept with her mother. "Daddy, do you think we'll blow away?"

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Brown. "Don't be afraid. Bunker and I fastened down the tent good and strong. It can't blow over."

"But I'm getting all wet!" cried Bunny. "The water's leaking all over my bed, Daddy!"

"Yes, I didn't know there was a hole in the tent. I'll fix it to-morrow," said Bunny's father. "You get in my bed, Bunny!"

"Oh, goodie!" Bunny cried. He always liked to get in his father's bed.

But as Bunny jumped out of his own little cot, and pattered in his bare feet across to his father's, he saw Daddy Brown getting up.

Mr. Brown was putting on a pair of rubber boots, and a rubber coat over his bath robe, which he had put on when the storm began.

"Where you going, Daddy?" asked Bunny, as he crawled into the dry bed, and pulled the covers up over him, for the wind was blowing in the tent now. "Where you going?"

"I'm going out to see that the tent ropes are all right," said Mr. Brown.

"Going out? What for?" called Mrs. Brown. "You musn't go out in this storm. It's terrible!"

"Oh, but I must go!" answered Daddy Brown with a laugh. "I don't mind the thunder, lightning and rain. If some of the tent pegs come loose, the ropes will slip off, and the tent will blow over. Bunker Blue and I will go out and make sure everything is all right."

"I could go with you," said Uncle Tad from his cot. "Shall I?"

"No, you stay where you are," Daddy Brown said. "You might get the rheumatism if you got wet."

"I used to get wet enough when I was in the army," returned the old soldier. "Many a time, when it stormed, I used to get up to fix the tent."

"Well, Bunker and I will do it now, thank you," Mr. Brown went on. By this time Bunker Blue had on his rubber boots and coat. Then, taking a lantern with them, Mr. Brown and Bunker went outside.

"Fasten the tent door after us, Tom," called Mr. Brown to the city boy, "or everything will blow away inside. Tie the tent flaps shut with the ropes, and you can open them for us when we want to come in again."

Out in the storm went Daddy Brown and Bunker Blue. As they opened the flaps, or front door of the tent, a big gust of wind came in, and dashed rain in Bunny's face, so that he covered his head with the bed clothes. He had one look at a bright flash of lightning, and he could see the ground outside all covered with water.

"I'm glad I don't have to go out in the storm," he thought, and he felt sorry for his father and Bunker Blue.

But Mr. Brown had often been out on the ocean in worse storms than this, and so had Bunker, so they did not mind. With their lantern they walked all around the sleeping-tent, making sure that all the ropes were fast to the pegs, which were driven into the ground. Some of the wooden pegs were coming loose, and these Mr. Brown and Bunker hammered farther into the dirt.

All the while the wind blew, and the rain pelted down, while the lightning flashed brighter, and the thunder rumbled so loudly that it scared Sue.

"I—I don't like it!" she sobbed, and she crept into bed with her mother. "Please make it stop, Mother!"

"No one can make the thunder stop, Sue, dear," said Mrs. Brown. "But the thunder won't hurt you, and the storm is almost over."

Just then there came a very loud clap.

"Oh, dear!" cried Sue. "I'se afraid!"

Bunny heard his sister, and called out:

"That sounded just like Fourth of July; didn't it, Sue? When the big boys fired the cannon on top of the hill."

"Isn't you afraid, Bunny?" asked Sue.

"No, I—I like it," Bunny answered.

He tried to make himself believe he did, so Sue would not be so frightened.

"Well, if you isn't afraid I isn't goin' to be, either," said Sue, after a moment. And she stopped crying at once, and lay quietly in her mother's cot-bed. And then the storm seemed to go away. It still rained very hard, but the wind did not howl so loudly, and the lightning was not so scary, nor the thunder so rumbly.

The rain still leaked in through the hole in the tent, but Tom Vine moved Bunny's cot out of the way, and set a pail under the leak.

All at once there sounded a banging noise, as if a whole store full of pots and pans and kettles had been turned upside down.

"Oh, what's that?" cried Mother Brown.

"Sounded as if something blew away," said Uncle Tad. "I'll get up and look."

But he did not have to, for, just then, in came Daddy Brown and Bunker Blue, their rubber coats all shining wet in the lantern light.

"What made that noise?" asked Mother Brown.

"The cook-tent blew over," said Daddy Brown, "and all the pots, pans and kettles fell in a heap. But we'll let them go until morning, I guess, as the worst of the storm is over. Now we'll all go to bed again."

"This tent won't blow over; will it, Daddy?" asked Bunny.

"No, it's all safe now. Go to sleep."

But it was some little time before they were all asleep again. Nothing more happened that night, and Bunny and Sue were up very early the next morning to see what the storm had done.

Camp Rest-a-While was not a pretty sight.

Besides the cook-tent having been blown over, there were broken branches of trees scattered about. The tents were covered with leaves blown from the trees, and there were many mud puddles.

The oil stove, and the pots, pans and other things, with which Mother Brown cooked, were piled in a heap under the fallen cook-tent. The tent itself was soaking wet, and

one of the poles that had held it up was broken.

"Oh, we can't ever have anything to eat!" said Sue sadly, as she looked at the fallen tent.

"We can build a campfire," said Bunny. "Uncle Tad used to cook breakfast over one; didn't you?" and he turned to the old soldier.

"Yes, Bunny, I did. But I guess we won't have to this time. We'll soon have the oil stove working."

Then he and Daddy Brown, with Bunker Blue and Tom Vine, set to work. The blown-down tent was pulled to one side, and it was seen that though everything under it was in a heap, still nothing was broken.

Soon some milk was being warmed for the children, and coffee made for the older folk. Then Mother Brown even made pancakes on the oil stove, which was set up on a box at one side of the dining-tent. The day was a fine one, and there was not enough wind to make the stove smoke.

So they had breakfast after all, and then began the work of making Camp Rest-a-While look as it had before the storm. A new

tent pole was cut, and the tent put up again, stronger than before. Bunny and Sue helped by picking up the scattered pieces of tree branches, and piling them in a heap. Then they swept up the torn-off leaves, and by this time the sun had dried up some of the puddles of water. By noon time the camp looked as well as it had before the storm.

"And don't forget to fix the hole over my cot," cried Bunny. "I don't want to be rained on any more, Daddy."

"I'll fix it," said Mr. Brown, and he did.

"I didn't hear any fire engines last night," Said Tom Vine as they sat at supper that evening, after coming in from a little sail around the lake, Bunker having fixed a sail onto the rowboat.

"Fire engines!" exclaimed Bunny. "Why should you hear fire engines, Tom?"

"Why, in the city, where I lived, before I went with that farmer, the fire engines used to come out after every storm. Places would be struck by lightning, you know. I've seen lots of fires. But I didn't hear any engines last night."

"There aren't any engines in these woods," said Daddy Brown. "Of course trees are often struck by lightning, and lightning often sets fire to houses in the country, but there aren't any engines out in the woods."

"And no policeman, either," added Tom. "It seems funny not to see a policeman, and have him yell at you to move on, or keep off the grass."

"Do you like it better here than in the city?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, heaps better, yes'm! I love it here. I hope I don't ever have to go back to the city —or to that mean farmer."

Nothing had been seen of the man who wanted to get Tom back, since that day when he had called at the camp. Bunny and Sue had almost forgotton him, but it seemed that Tom had not. He was always a little bit afraid, thinking that the cross man might come back.

One morning, two days after the big storm, when Bunny, Sue and all the others were gathered around the breakfast table, Daddy Brown asked:

"Where is Tom Vine?"

"He was here a minute ago," Bunny said.

"I think he went to the spring to get a pail of water," put in Uncle Tad.

"Yes, that's where he went," said Mrs. Brown. "I said we would need some fresh water, and he went after it."

"Well, we won't wait for him," said Daddy Brown. "We'll eat, and he can have his breakfast when he comes."

But the others had finished breakfast, and Tom Vine had not come back from the spring, though they waited for some time.

"I wonder what's keeping him," said Mrs. Brown.

"He couldn't have fallen in; could he?" asked Uncle Tad.

"No, the spring isn't large enough," Bunker Blue answered. "I'll go to look for him."

Bunker ran off along the path that led to the spring. In a little while he came hurrying back. He carried a pail full of water, and he said:

"I found the empty pail by the spring, but Tom was gone!"

CHAPTER XV

LOOKING FOR TOM

BUNKER BLUE, with the pail of water, walked up to where Bunny, Sue and the others were still sitting at the breakfast table, though they had finished eating.

"Tom's gone," said Bunker again.

"Gone where?" asked Bunny.

"I don't know," answered the red-haired boy. "I looked all around by the spring, but I couldn't see him. The pail was there, but Tom wasn't."

"Could he have fallen in?" asked Mrs. Brown, just as Uncle Tad had asked.

Bunker Blue shook his head.

"The spring is only about big enough to dip a pail in," he said, "and Tom is bigger than the pail."

"But maybe he curled all up in a little heap when he fell in," said Bunny. "Oh, dear! I don't want Tom to be lost!"

Bunny and Sue had grown to like Tom very much.

Once more Bunker Blue shook his head.

"I could look right down to the bottom of the spring," he said. "It's quite deep, even if it isn't big. But Tom wasn't in it. There was a big bullfrog in the water, though."

"Was the frog big enough to—to eat Tom?" asked Sue, her eyes wide open.

Sue's mother and father laughed, and Bunny said:

"A bullfrog couldn't eat anybody!"

"They could if they was a big enough frog; couldn't they, Daddy?" asked Sue.

"Well, I don't know," replied Mr. Brown. "Then you couldn't see anything of Tom, Bunker?"

"No, sir, not a thing."

"Had he filled the pail with water?" Uncle Tad wanted to know.

"The pail was empty, and it was tipped over," Bunker said. "I don't know whether Tom had filled it, and then something had knocked it over, or not. Anyhow, the pail had no water in it, so I dipped it into the

spring to fill it, and came on back to tell you."

"That was right," said Mr. Brown. "We'll go over and look around. Tom may have seen some new kind of bird, or something like that, and have wandered off in the woods, following it."

"Maybe he saw a bear, and ran," suggested Bunny.

"No, I guess the only bear around here is the tame one that came in our tent the first night," said Mrs. Brown. "Oh, I do hope nothing has happened to Tom!"

They all hoped that, for the strange boy was very well liked.

Mrs. Brown remained at the tent to wash the breakfast dishes, since Tom was not there to do them, while the others—Bunny, Sue, their father, Uncle Tad and Bunker—went to the spring. It was on the side of a little hill, where grew many trees, and was about three minutes' walk from Camp Rest-a-While.

Mr. Brown and Uncle Tad looked all around the hole in the ground—the hole was the spring, and it was filled with clear, cold

water. The bottom of the spring was of white sand, and sitting down there, having a nice bath, was a big, green bullfrog. With his funny eyes he looked up at Bunny and Sue as they leaned over the spring.

"Oh, look!" cried Sue. "What a big frog!"

"But he isn't big enough to swallow Tom," said Bunny.

"No, that's so," agreed Mr. Brown. "We'll have to look for Tom. Bunny and Sue, you stay with me. Uncle Tad, you and Bunker walk around in the woods. It may be that Tom fell and hurt himself, when running after a bird or butterfly, and can't walk. We'll find him."

Tom, having lived all his life in the city, thought the birds and butterflies were most wonderful creatures. Every time he saw a new one he would run up to it to get a close look. He never tried to catch them, he just wanted to watch them fluttering about the flowers.

But, though they looked all around in the woods by the spring, there was no sign of Tom. Up and down, back and forth, they

walked, looking beside big rocks or stumps, behind fallen logs and under clumps of bushes they peered, but no Tom could they find.

"Oh, he's losted, just like we was losted," said Sue, sadly.

"Yes, I guess he is," agreed Bunny. "Splash, can't you find Tom?"

The big dog barked: "Bow-wow!" But what he meant by that no one knew. Splash, however, could not find Tom.

"Let's call his name," said Uncle Tad.

So they called his name.

"Tom! Tom! Tom Vine! Where are you?"

But Tom did not answer.

"This is queer," said Mr. Brown. "I don't believe he'd run away and leave us. He liked it too much at our camp."

"Perhaps he saw that mean man," said Bunker Blue. "Tom may have seen the cross farmer who wanted him to come back to work, and Tom may have run away off and hid—so far off that he can't hear us calling."

"Yes, that's so. He *may* have done that," agreed Mr. Brown. "We'll go back to camp,

and wait for him. He may come when he thinks the man has gone away."

Back to camp they all went. Bunny and Sue felt bad about Tom's being lost. So did the others. Every time Splash would stop in front of a clump of bushes, and bark, as he often did, Bunny and Sue would run up, thinking their friend had been found.

But it would be only a bird, a rabbit or a squirrel that Splash had seen, which made him bark that way. Tom was not to be found.

They waited in camp all the rest of that day, only going out a little way for a row on the lake. Night came, and there was no Tom. It grew very dark, and still he had not come.

"Oh, dear!" cried Sue. "Will he have to sleep out alone all night?"

"Perhaps he'll come back before you are awake in the morning," said Mother Brown. "Anyhow, Tom isn't afraid of the dark, and it is now so warm that anyone could sleep out of doors and not get cold. I think Tom will be here in the morning."

But morning came, and there was no sign of Tom. A lantern had been left burning out-

side the tent all night, in case he should come. But he did not.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, after breakfast, "there's only one thing to do, and I'm going to do it."

"What is that?" asked his wife.

"I'm going over to Farmer Trimble's, to see if Tom is there."

"Oh, Trimble is the name of the man who wanted to take Tom away; isn't it?"

"Yes, that's the man who came here, and tried to get Tom. It may be that Mr. Trimble saw Tom at the spring, getting water, and made him go away. So I'm going over to the Trimble farm, and see."

"Oh, may we come?" asked Bunny.

"Yes," said Mr. Brown. "I guess so. I'll take you and Bunker Blue with me. And if we find Tom we'll bring him back with us. That man has no right to keep him!"

CHAPTER XVI

"WHO TOOK THE PIE?"

THE shortest way to go to the Trimble farm was to row across the lake in the boat, and then to walk a little distance through the wood. Mr. Brown, with Bunny and Sue, started, with Bunker Blue at the oars, dipping them in the water, pulling hard on them, and lifting them out for another dip.

"Don't row too hard, Bunker," said Mr. Brown. "It is a hot day, and I don't want you to get tired out. Besides, we are in no hurry, so take it easy."

At the last minute, Splash, the dog, had run down the hill to the lake, and climbed into the boat. He did not want to be left behind.

"May we take him, Daddy?" asked Bunny.

"Oh, yes. Let him come along. He's a good dog, and maybe he can help us find Tom."

Splash was a regular water-dog. He could swim across the lake, he could jump in and bring back sticks that Bunny or Sue would toss in, and he liked to be in a boat. Splash knew that dogs, as well as boys and girls, must keep quiet in boats, especially small boats, so they would not tip over. And now Splash perched himself up in the bow, or front part of the boat, and quietly sat there, looking across at the other shore.

Bunny looked down over the side, where he was sitting, and saw some fish swimming about, for the water of the lake was very clear.

"I wish I had brought my fishpole," Bunny said. "I could catch some fish for dinner."

"We've something else to do besides catching fish to-day, Bunny," replied his father. "We've got to find Tom Vine."

"Do you think we'll find him, Daddy?" asked Sue, as she hugged one of her dolls, which she had brought with her.

"Well, maybe so, little girl. I can't think of anything else that would happen to Tom,

except that he would be taken by Mr. Trimble. I think we'll find him."

They were half way across the lake when Sue suddenly cried:

"Oh, there she goes! Oh, she's fallen in!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Brown, turning around quickly, for he was seated with his back toward his little girl.

"It's my doll!" Sue cried. "She jumped right out of my arms, and fell in the lake."

I guess Sue meant that her doll slipped out of her arms, for dolls can't jump—at least not unless they have a spring wound up inside them, like an alarm clock, and Sue's doll wasn't that kind.

"Stop the boat, Bunker! Row back!" cried Mr. Brown. "Sue's doll fell overboard, and we don't want to lose her!"

Bunker stopped rowing, and he was reaching out with an oar to pull in the doll, which was floating like a little boat on top of the water, not far away. But before Bunker could save the doll, Splash, with a loud bark, jumped in and swam out toward the plaything of his little mistress.

Seizing the doll in his mouth, Splash swam back with her to the boat. Bunny stretched out his hand to take the doll, but Splash would not give it up to him. The dog knew that boys don't play with dolls, and that this one belonged to Sue. So Splash swam around to the other side of the boat where Sue was anxiously waiting, and he let her take the doll from his mouth.

"Good dog!" cried Sue, patting him with one hand. Then she began to squeeze the water out of her doll's dress.

"I'm glad I didn't bring my best doll," said Sue. "This is only one of my old ones, and it won't hurt her to get wet. I was going to give her a bath, anyhow, but I didn't mean to leave her clothes on. Anyhow, she'll soon dry, I guess."

Sue put the doll down beside her, on the seat, where the hot sun would dry up the water. Splash put his two paws on the edge of the boat, and Mr. Brown and Bunker Blue helped him in.

"Now you be quiet, Splash!" called Mr. Brown. "Don't go shaking the water off your-

self, as you always do when you come in from a swim. For we can't get far enough away from you in the boat, and you'll get us all wet. Don't shake yourself!"

I don't know whether or not Splash understood what Mr. Brown said. At any rate, the dog went back to his place in the bow, and did not shake the water off his dripping fur. Whenever he did that he made a regular shower.

The boat was soon close to the other shore. Bunker Blue rowed up to a little dock, and tied fast. Then Mr. Brown helped out Bunny and Sue. Splash did not need any help. He jumped out himself and ran on ahead, now giving himself a good shake to get rid of the water drops.

A short walk brought the party to Mr. Trimble's farm. The cross farmer was not in the house, but his wife said he was out in the barn, and there Mr. Brown found him.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Mr. Trimble in that cross voice of his. He seemed never to smile.

"I came to see if you have that boy I'm tak-

ing care of—Tom Vine," said Mr. Brown. "Did you take him away?"

"No, I did not," said Mr. Trimble, crossly.

"Do you know where he is?"

"No, I don't."

"Have you seen him at all?" asked Bunny's father. "Yesterday he went to the spring for a pail of water, but he did not come back. We are afraid something has happened to him. Then I thought perhaps you might have taken him, though you had no right to."

"Well, I didn't take him, though I had a right to," growled the farmer. "I hired that boy to work for me, and I gave him a suit of clothes, besides feeding him. He didn't stay with me long enough to pay for what I gave him. And if I catch him I'll make him work out what he owes me. But I haven't seen him since he was in your camp. I wish I did have him now. I'd make him step lively, and do some work!"

So Mr. Brown had his trip for nothing. Tom was not at the Trimble farm, that was sure.

"I guess he ran away from you the same

as he did from me," said Mr. Trimble as Mr. Brown turned away.

Bunny's father shook his head.

"Tom Vine isn't that kind of boy," he said. "He may have run away from you because you didn't treat him well, but he would not run away from us. He liked it at Camp Rest-a-While."

"That's all you know about boys!" laughed the farmer. "I treated him as well as he needed to be treated. Boys are all lazy. They'd rather play than work. And you'll find out that Tom Vine has run away from you. He didn't want to work."

"He didn't work very hard at our camp," said Mr. Brown. "All he had to do was to wash the dishes and help with little things. He liked it. I'm sure something has happened to him, and I'm sorry, for I intended doing something for him."

"Well, I haven't got him, though I wish I had," grumbled Mr. Trimble. "If I catch him, I'll make him work hard!"

"Then I hope you don't catch him," Mr. Brown said.

He went down to the boat with the children and Bunker Blue, and they were soon back at camp.

"Did you see anything of him?" asked Mrs. Brown, coming down to the edge of the lake, as she saw the boat nearing the shore.

"No," answered Mr. Brown. "Mr. Trimble said he isn't at the farm, and I don't believe he is. You didn't see anything of him while we were gone, did you?"

Mrs. Brown shook her head.

"Uncle Tad has been looking up around the spring again," she said, "but he couldn't find him."

"Oh dear!" sighed Bunny. "Poor Tom is lost!"

"He must have been frightened by something at the spring," said Mr. Brown, "and have run off."

"Well, there's one thing we don't have to worry about," said Mrs. Brown. "There aren't any wild animals in these woods. None of them could get Tom."

She said that so Bunny and Sue would not be thinking about it.

Two days and nights passed, and there was no sign of Tom. One afternoon Mrs. Brown baked some pies in the oven of the oil stove. She was all alone in camp, for Mr. Brown, the children, and Bunker Blue had gone fishing. Uncle Tad had gone for a walk in the woods.

Mrs. Brown put the pies on a table in the cooking-tent to cool, while she went to the spring for a fresh pail of water. When she came back she looked at the pies. Then she rubbed her eyes and counted them.

"Why!" she cried. "One of the pies is gone! I baked four, and there are only three here. Who took the pie?"

She looked under the table, in boxes and on chairs, thinking perhaps a fox or a big muskrat might have come along and tried to drag the pie, tin and all, away. But the pie was not to be found.

"Who could have taken my pie?" asked Mrs. Brown.

CHAPTER XVII

A NOISE AT NIGHT

WHEN Mr. Brown, Bunny, Sue and Bunker Blue came back from their little fishing trip, they saw Mother Brown walking about the camp, in and out among the tents, looking here and there.

"Have you lost something, Mother?" asked Bunny.

"Well, yes, I have—sort of," she said, smiling. "I've lost a pie!"

"Oh, a pie!" cried Sue. "Did you drop it, Mother, and did it fall down a crack in the board walk, like my penny did once?"

"No!" laughed Mrs. Brown. "It wasn't that way."

Then she told of having made four pies, setting them on the table to cool while she went to the spring for a pail of water.

"And when I came back, a whole pie was gone!" she said.

"Well, we certainly didn't take it, for we weren't here," said Daddy Brown. "And you were all alone in camp, Mother?"

"Yes, even Uncle Tad was gone."

"Oh, maybe *he* came back and took it!" exclaimed Bunny.

"No, he wouldn't do that," said his mother. "Some animal, perhaps a big muskrat, like the one Splash tried to catch, came up out of the lake and carried away my pie. I was just looking to see if I could find any marks of the rat's paws in the soft ground, when you came along. But I couldn't see any."

"I don't believe it was a rat, or any other animal, that took your pie," said Mr. Brown, as he, too, looked carefully on the ground around the table where the pie had been placed. The three other pies were there, but the fourth one was gone.

"There isn't a sign of any four-legged animal having been here," Mr. Brown went on. "I think it was some animal with only two legs who took the pie."

"Oh, you mean a—a man!" cried Mother Brown.

Daddy Brown nodded his head for yes.

"Do you mean a tramp?" asked Bunker Blue.

"Well, yes, it might have been a tramp, though we haven't seen any around here since we've been in camp. However, if a pie is all they took we don't need to worry."

"Perhaps the poor man was hungry," said Mrs. Brown. "I'm sure I hope he enjoys my pie."

"He couldn't help liking it," said Bunny Brown. "Your pies are always so good, Mother!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that," exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Well, we have enough for the next two days, anyhow, and I'll bake again to-morrow."

"Splash didn't take the pie," said Sue, "'cause he was with us in the boat."

"Then it must have been the tramp," Mrs. Brown said. "Never mind, we won't worry any more about it. Did you have a nice time?"

Then they told about their little fishing trip. When Uncle Tad came back from his walk

in the woods, he, too, had to be told of the missing pie. Uncle Tad shook his head.

"We'll have to lock up everything around our camp if tramps are going to come in and take our pies, and the other good things Mother Brown makes," he said with a smile. "Or else one of us will always have to stay here to keep watch."

"I wish we had Tom Vine back," said Bunny. "I wonder where he is?"

Of course no one knew, and Mr. Brown began to think that, after all, Tom had done just as Mr. Trimble had said—had run away.

The next day, after breakfast, Sue, who was changing the dress of one of her dolls, saw brother Bunny walking along the path that led toward the spring. Bunny carried a small wooden box.

"What are you going to do, Bunny?" she asked him. "Get a box full of water?"

"Nope. This box won't hold water. It's got holes in."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to make a trap to catch a fox."

"Oh, Bunny! Can I help you?"

"Yes. Come on. But you must keep awful still, 'cause foxes are easy scared."

"I will, Bunny. And may I bring my doll with me? I can put her to sleep on some soft dried leaves when you want me to help you."

"Yes, you may bring one doll," said Bunny. "But don't bring one of the kind that cries when you punch it in the stomach, or it might make a noise and scare the fox. I'm going to catch one and train him to do tricks."

"How are you going to catch him, Bunny?"

"In this box. Come on, I'll show you."

"I guess I won't bring any of my dolls," said Sue, after thinking about it for a minute. "A fox might bite her."

"Yes, that will be better," said the little boy.

So, carrying the box, and some other things, which Sue helped him with, Bunny and his sister went a little way into the wood.

"Don't go too far!" their mother called after them.

"We won't!" they promised. Since coming to Camp Rest-a-While Bunny and Sue had not been lost, and they did not now want to have that trouble if they could help it.

"Are there any foxes in here?" asked Sue, looking around as she and Bunny came near the spring.

"Hush! Don't speak so loud," whispered her brother. "You might scare 'em."

"Is they any here?" asked Sue, this time in a very soft whisper.

"I guess so," answered Bunny. "They must come to the spring to get a drink of water, same as we do. I'm going to put my trap near the spring."

There was a large flat stone, near the place where the water for the camp was found. On this stone Bunny put the box, bottom side up. It had no cover to it. One edge of the box Bunny held up by putting a stick under it, and to the stick he tied a long string.

"Is that a trap?" asked Sue.

"Yep," Bunny answered. "Now I'm going to put something under the box that foxes like. They'll crawl under to eat it, and when they're there I'll pull the string. That will make the stick come out and the box will fall down, and cover up the fox so it can't get away."

"Oh, that'll be fine!" cried Sue. "But what're you going to give the foxes to eat, Bunny?"

"I'll show you," said the little fellow. From his pocket he took some bits of bread, a few crumbs of dried cake, a little piece of pie wrapped in paper, and half an apple.

"There!" Bunny exclaimed as he put these things under the raised-up box. "Foxes ought to like all that. Now we'll hide back here in the bushes, Sue, and I'll have hold of the long string. As soon as we see a fox, or any other animal, go under the box, I'll pull away the little stick, and we'll catch him!"

"All right," said Sue. So, the trap having been set, Bunny and Sue hid themselves in the bushes to wait. But for a long time no fox, or any other animal, came along. Bunny and Sue grew tired of sitting in the bushes and keeping quiet. They could only whisper, and this was not much fun.

"I—I guess I'll go home," said Sue, after a bit.

"Oh, no, stay with me!" Bunny begged. "Maybe I'll catch a fox pretty soon. Oh, look,

Sue!" he cried, this time aloud, he was so excited. "There's a bird going into the box. I'll catch the bird, to show you how my trap works."

"You won't hurt the bird; will you, Bunny?" begged Sue.

"No, I won't hurt it a bit," Bunny replied.

A sparrow was hopping along the flat stone, toward the upraised box, under which were the bread and cake crumbs, and other good things that birds like. Closer and closer to the box went the bird, and finally it was all the way under, picking up the crumbs.

"Now watch me catch him!" cried Bunny.

He pulled the string, out came the stick, down came the box, and the bird was caught.

"I've got him! I've got him!" cried Bunny. "That's the way I'd catch a fox!"

He and Sue ran to the box trap. Bunny lifted it up and out flew the bird, not at all hurt, and only a little frightened. Bunny raised the box up again, and held it there with the stick. Then he and Sue went back among the bushes to wait; all ready to pull the string again.

But though Bunny's trap would catch a sparrow, there did not seem to be anything else he could catch. No foxes or other animals came to get a drink, and later Bunny's father explained to him that nearly all wild animals wait until after dark to get water, for fear of being caught.

After a while Bunny and Sue grew tired of waiting in the bushes.

"I'll just leave the trap here," said Bunny, "and maybe a fox will go in and knock the stick down himself. Then he'll be caught."

"But a fox could easy upset the box," said Sue.

"Maybe he could," agreed Bunny. "I'll put a stone on top of it." And he did.

Bunny and Sue reached camp in time for dinner. In the afternoon they went with their mother to pick huckleberries, and helped fill two pails.

"I'll make pies of these berries," said Mother Brown.

"And I hope nobody takes any of the pie," said Bunny. "'Cause I like huckleberry pie myself an awful lot."

That evening Daddy Brown built a camp-fire, and Bunny and Sue, with Bunker Blue, sat about it roasting marshmallows.

"I wish Tom Vine was here to help eat them," said Sue.

"So do I," agreed Bunny.

But Tom Vine was not there. Where was he? No one at Camp Rest-a-While could tell.

Bunny Brown did not sleep well that night. Perhaps he had eaten too many marshmallow candies. At any rate, he awoke soon after he went to bed. He was wishing he had a drink of water, and he was thinking whether he would best get up for it himself, or awaken his father, when the little fellow heard a noise outside the tent. It was a noise as if someone were walking around. At first Bunny thought it was Splash, but, looking over in the corner of the sleeping-tent, Bunny saw his dog there. Splash, too, had heard the noise, for he was getting up and growling deep in his throat.

Then, all at once, came a loud bang, as if someone had knocked down five or six tin pans.

CHAPTER XVIII

SPLASH ACTS QUEERLY

"DADDY! Daddy!" cried Bunny Brown. "Daddy, did you hear that?"

"I couldn't very well help hearing it," said Mr. Brown sitting up on his cot, which was next to Bunny's. "Who's out there?" Mr. Brown cried, and with a jump he reached the flaps of the tent, which he opened, so he could look out.

Splash, who had jumped out, barking, when the noise sounded, rushed out of the tent. The tins had stopped rattling, and it was very quiet outside, except for the noise Splash made.

"What is it?" called Mrs. Brown, from her side of the tent.

"I don't know," answered her husband. "Someone—or some animal—seems to be making a noise. Maybe it is someone after more of your pies, Mother."

"We'll take a look," said Uncle Tad. He got out of his bed, and went to stand beside Daddy Brown at the opening of the tent.

"Can you see anything?" Mrs. Brown asked. Bunny could hear his sister whispering. Sue, also, had been awakened, and wanted to know what had caused the noise in the night.

"No, I can't see anything," said Mr. Brown. "Splash is coming back, so I guess it wasn't anything."

He and Uncle Tad could see the children's dog walking back to his bed in the tent. Splash slept on a piece of old carpet. The dog was wagging his tail.

"What is it, Splash? Did you see any tramps?" asked Mr. Brown.

Splash did not answer, of course, but he wagged his tail as he always did when he was with his friends.

"I guess it couldn't have been anything," Mr. Brown went on. "Maybe a squirrel or chipmunk was looking for some crumbs in the dining-tent, and knocked down the pans. I'll just take a look out there to make sure."

Mr. Brown and Uncle Tad went outside the tent. Splash did not go with them. He seemed to think everything was all right.

"Did you find him, Daddy?" asked Bunny, when his father came back.

"No, son. I don't believe there was anyone. I saw where the pans had been knocked down, but that was all."

Bunny was given the drink of water he wanted and soon was asleep. The others, too, became quiet and slept. But in the morning Mrs. Brown, in getting breakfast, found that a piece of bacon and some eggs had been taken from the ice box.

"The eggs and bacon were in the refrigerator all right when I washed up the supper dishes last night," she said. "I counted on having them for breakfast. Now they're gone!"

"Then there must have been someone in our camp, snooping around last night," said Daddy Brown. "It was a tramp, after all. And when he helped himself to something to eat he knocked down the pans. That's how it happened."

"I suppose so," said Mother Brown. "Well, I'm sure if the poor tramp was hungry I'm glad he got something to eat. But I wish he had not taken my bacon and eggs."

However, there was plenty else to eat in Camp Rest-a-While, so no one went hungry.

"I wonder if it was the same tramp that took the pie," said Bunny as he finished the last of his glass of milk.

"He must be a hungry tramp to eat a whole pie, and all those eggs, and the big piece of bacon," said Bunker Blue.

"Oh, I guess the things he took lasted him for several meals," Mr. Brown said. "The funny part of it is, though, that Splash did not bark. When he ran out of the tent last night the tramp could not have been far away. And yet Splash did not bark, as he always does when strangers are around at night. I think that's queer."

"So do I," put in Uncle Tad. "Maybe Splash knew the tramp."

"Splash doesn't like tramps," said Bunny.

"Well, he must have liked this one, for he didn't bark at him," added Bunker Blue with

a laugh. "Maybe Splash knew this tramp before you children found your dog, on the island where you were shipwrecked."

For Bunny and Sue had found Splash on an island, as I told you in the first book of this series. That was when Bunny and Sue were "shipwrecked," as they called it.

Nothing else had been taken from Camp Rest-a-While except the bacon and eggs, and as Bunker Blue was going to the village that day he could buy more meat for Mother Brown. The eggs they could get at the farmhouse where they bought their milk. So, after all, no harm was done.

"The only thing is," said Daddy Brown, "that I don't like the idea of tramps prowling about our tents at night. I'd rather they would keep away."

It was so lovely, living out in the woods, near the beautiful lake, as the Browns were doing, that they soon forgot about the noise in the night, and the tramps. Bunny and Sue were getting as brown as little Indian children. For they wore no hats and they went about with only leather sandals on, and no

BUNNY AND SUE OFTEN WENT BATHING IN THE COOL LAKE.

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Camp Rest-a-While. *Page* 181.

stockings, their sleeves rolled up to their elbows, so their arms and legs were brown, too. They often went bathing in the cool lake, for, not far from the camp, was a little sandy beach.

Of course, it was not like an ocean beach, or the one at Sandport Bay, for there were only little waves, and then only when the wind blew. In the ocean there are big waves all the while, pounding the sandy shore.

One day Mrs. Brown told daddy they needed some things from the village store—sugar, salt, pepper—groceries that could not be bought at the farmhouses near by.

"I'll take the children, row over, and get what you want," said Mr. Brown, for it was easier to row across the lake, and walk through the woods, than to walk half-way around the lake to the store. With Splash, Bunny and Sue in the boat Mr. Brown set off.

They landed on the other shore, and started to walk through the woods. On the way they had to pass along a road that was near to the farm of Mr. Trimble, the "mean man," as Bunny and Sue called him. Perhaps Mr.

Trimble did not intend to be mean, or cross, but he certainly was. Some folk just can't help being that way.

"Huh! Are you coming over again to bother me about that runaway boy, Tom Vine?" asked Mr. Trimble, as he saw Mr. Brown.

"No, I've given Tom up," replied the children's father. "I guess he has gone back to the city. I'm sorry, for I wanted to help him."

"Boys are no good!" cried Mr. Trimble. "That Tom is no good. But I'll pay him back for running away from me!"

"Did he come back to you?" asked Mr. Brown, thinking perhaps, after all, the "ragged boy," as Sue sometimes called him in fun, might have thought it best to go back to the man who had first hired him.

"You don't see him anywhere around here; do you?" asked Mr. Trimble.

"No, I don't see him," said Mr. Brown, wondering why the farmer answered in that way.

"Well, he isn't here," said Mr. Trimble, and he went on hoeing his potatoes, for he was in

a field of them, near the road, when he spoke to Mr. Brown.

As Bunny, Sue and their father walked on, Splash did not come with them. He hung back, and seemed to want to stay close to a small building, near Mr. Trimble's barn. Splash walked around this building three or four times, barking loudly.

"What makes Splash act so funny?" asked Bunny.

"I don't know," answered Mr. Brown. "Here, Splash! Come here!" he cried. But Splash would not come.

CHAPTER XIX

IN THE SMOKE-HOUSE

"WHAT makes Splash act so queer?" asked Bunny again.

"I'm sure I don't know," said his father. "I guess we'll have to go back and get him."

Certainly Splash did not seem to want to keep on to the village with Mr. Brown and the children. The dog was running around and around the small house, barking loudly. Mr. Trimble seemed not to hear the dog's barks, but kept right on hoeing potatoes.

"We'll go back and get Splash!" decided Mr. Brown.

He and the children walked slowly back. Splash kept on barking.

"You seem to have something in that little house which excites our dog," said Mr. Brown.

"It doesn't take much to get some dogs ex-

cited," answered the farmer. He did not seem to care much about it, one way or the other.

"What sort of house is that?" asked Mr. Brown. He looked at it closely. The little house had no windows, and only one door. And there was a queer smell about it, as though it had once been on fire.

"That's a smoke-house," said Mr. Trimble. "It's where I smoke my hams and bacon. I hang them up in there, build a fire of corn-cobs and hickory wood chips, and make a thick smoke. The smoke dries the ham and bacon so it will keep all winter."

"What a funny house!" said Sue.

"It hasn't any windows," observed Bunny.

"We have to have smoke-houses tight and without windows," explained Mr. Trimble, "so the smoke won't all get out."

"Are there any hams or bacon in there now?" asked Mr. Brown.

"No, we don't do any smoking until fall, when we kill the pigs."

"Well, there's *something* in there that bothers our dog," went on the children's father. For, all this while, Splash was run-

ning around the smoke-house, barking more loudly than before.

Just then Bunny Brown thought of something. He pulled at his father's coat and whispered to him:

"Oh, Daddy! Maybe Tom Vine is shut up in there—shut up in the smoke-house!"

Mr. Brown looked first at Bunny and then at the strange little house which had no windows. The door of it was tightly shut.

"That's so, Bunny," said Mr. Brown. "Perhaps Tom is in there. That would make Splash bark, for he knows where Tom is." Mr. Brown thought as Bunny did, that Mr. Trimble might have caught Tom, and locked him up in the dark smoke-house.

"Oh, Daddy! Do you s'pose Tom's in there?" asked Sue in a whisper, for she had heard what Bunny had whispered.

Daddy Brown nodded his head. He walked up to Mr. Trimble and said:

"Now look here! There's something in that smoke-house, and I want to see what it is. Our dog knows there's something there, and I'm pretty sure of it myself."

"Well, what do you think it is?" asked Mr. Trimble. "If there's anyone in there I don't know it. But I'll open the door, and let you see. Your dog certainly is making a lot of noise."

"Have you got that poor boy, Tom Vine, locked up in there?" asked Mr. Brown.

The farmer laughed.

"Tom Vine locked up in there? Certainly not!" he cried. "I wish I did have. I'd like to punish him for running away from me. But I haven't seem him since he was at your camp. No, sir! He isn't in my smoke-house. I don't believe anything, or anybody, is in there. But I'll open the door and let you look inside. Why, the door isn't locked," the farmer went on, "and I guess I couldn't keep a boy like Tom Vine in a smoke-house without locking the door on him."

Mr. Brown did not know what to think now. As for Bunny and Sue they thought surely their new friend, Tom, was locked in the queer little house.

"Oh, now we'll see him!" cried Sue, and she felt very glad.

Mr. Trimble dropped his hoe across a row of potatoes, and walked to where Splash was still barking away in front of the smoke-house.

"Will your dog bite?" asked the farmer.

"No, he is very gentle," answered Mr. Brown. "But I'll call him away while you open the door."

"I'll hold him," said Bunny. "I'll hold him by his collar."

By this time Splash seemed to have barked enough, for he grew quiet. Perhaps he knew the door was going to be opened. He came away when Bunny called him, and the little boy held tightly to the dog's collar.

"I'll help you hold him," cried Sue, and she, too, took hold.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," said Mr. Trimble, with a sour sort of laugh, "but you won't see any boy, or anything else, as far as I know, in this smoke-house. I did pile in some bean poles last fall, and I guess they're there yet, but that's all. Now watch close."

He put his shoulder against the door, and pushed. As it swung open, an animal, something like a little red dog, with a sharp,

pointed nose and a big, bushy tail, sprang out and ran down the little hill, on which the smoke-house stood.

"Why—why!" cried Mr. Trimble. "There *was* an animal in there after all! I didn't know it."

"A fox! It's a fox!" cried Bunny Brown. He had once seen in a book a picture of a fox, and this animal looked just like the picture.

"Yes, that's a fox sure enough, and I guess it's the one that's been taking my chickens!" cried Mr. Trimble. "I wish I had my gun! I'd shoot the critter!"

He picked up a stone, and threw it at the fox, but did not hit the running animal. Then something queer happened.

Splash, who was being held by Bunny and Sue, gave a sudden bark. Then he gave a sudden jump. He went so quickly that he pulled Bunny and Sue after him, and they both fell down in the dirt. But it was soft, so they were not hurt.

They had to let go of Splash's collar, though, and the dog now began to run after the fox, barking again and again.

"Splash! Splash!" cried Bunny. "Come back. The fox will bite you!"

"Don't worry," said Daddy Brown. "Splash can never catch that fox. The fox can run too fast, and he has a good head-start. Splash will soon get tired of running, and come back."

"The idea! The idea," exclaimed Mr. Trimble, "of a fox being in my smoke-house! That's what made your dog all excited."

"Yes, that was it," said Daddy Brown. "But I thought you might have Tom Vine shut up in there. I'm sorry I made the mistake."

"Oh, well, that's all right," said Mr. Trimble. He did not seem so cross now. He even smiled at Bunny and Sue.

"Maybe I was too quick with that boy," he said. "But I'm a hard working man, and them as works for me has to work hard, same as I do. But maybe I was too hard on Tom. I certainly was mad when he ran away and left me, and I made up my mind I'd punish him, if I could get him back. But I haven't seen him since he was at your camp. And you thought he was in the smoke-house?" he asked.

"Yes, I really did," replied Mr. Brown. "But I guess you didn't know a fox was in there; did you?"

"No, I didn't," answered the farmer. "He must have gone in during the night, when the door was open. The place sort of smells of meat, you know. Then the door blew shut, and the fox couldn't get out.

"And Splash smelled him!" cried Bunny, who had gotten up and was brushing the dust off. Sue was doing the same thing.

"Yes, your dog smelled the fox," said Mr. Trimble. "That was what made him bark and get all excited."

"I'm going to catch a fox in my trap," said Bunny. "I've got a trap set over by our spring. Maybe this is the fox I'm going to catch," he went on.

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. Brown. "This fox is so scared that he'll run for miles. He'll never come back this way again. Well, we haven't found Tom Vine yet; have we?" and he looked at Bunny and Sue.

"No, and you never will find him," said Mr. Trimble. "Boys are no good. Tom ran

away from you same as he did from me. But maybe I was a little too harsh with him. I wouldn't lock him up in a dark smoke-house, though. That's no place for a boy."

Bunny and Sue were glad to hear the farmer say that.

"Well, we'd better be getting on to the village," said Mr. Brown. "Come along, children."

"Oh, let's wait for Splash to come back," said Bunny. "I don't want him to be lost."

CHAPTER XX

IN BUNNY'S TRAP

PRETTY soon Splash was seen coming over the hills. He did not run fast, for he was tired from having chased the fox. The dog was wet and muddy, too.

"Oh, Daddy! What happened to Splash?" asked Bunny, as the dog came slowly along, and stretched out in the shade of a tree.

"Did the fox bite him?" Sue wanted to know. "If he did I don't like foxes, and I don't want Bunny to catch any in his trap."

"No, the fox didn't bite your dog," said Mr. Brown. "I guess he just ran away from Splash. And Splash tried to catch him, and ran through mud and water until he got all tired out. You don't like foxes, either, do you, Splash?"

Splash barked once, and did not even wag his tail. That one bark must have meant

"No." And I guess Splash was too tired to wag his tail, as he always did when he was happy, or pleased.

"Maybe he'd like a drink of water," said the farmer. "I'll bring him some from the well. It's good and cold. I'm going to drink some myself, as it's a hot day. I could give the children a glass of milk," went on Mr. Trimble to Daddy Brown. "I've got plenty up at the house."

"Oh, I don't want to trouble you," said the children's father.

"It's no trouble!" said the farmer. "My wife will be glad to give them some. Come on, Splash!" he called. "We'll get you a cold drink after your run. So the fox got away from you same as that boy Tom Vine ran away from me."

Mr. Trimble was smiling and laughing now. Somehow or other he did not seem as mean and cross as he once had. Bunny and Sue were beginning to like him now. He was quite a different man from the one who had called at Camp Rest-a-While looking for Tom.

Splash eagerly drank the cool water, and then he rolled in the grass to get some of the mud off his coat. Mrs. Trimble brought out some milk for Bunny and Sue, and also a plate of molasses cookies, which they were very glad to have.

"Sit down under this shady apple tree," said Mrs. Trimble, "and help yourselves. Maybe you'd like a glass of milk," she said to Mr. Brown.

"Well, I don't care much for milk, except in my tea and coffee," he said. "Thank you, just the same."

"How about buttermilk?" asked Mr. Trimble. "That's what I like on a hot day, and she's just churned."

"Yes, I should like the buttermilk," returned Bunny's father, and soon he was drinking a large glass.

"What funny looking milk!" remarked Sue, as she helped herself to another molasses cookie from the plate in front of her. "It's got little yellow lumps in it, Daddy."

"Those are little yellow lumps of butter," said Mr. Brown. "To make butter, you know,

they churn the cream of sour milk. And when the butter is all taken out in a lump, some sour milk is left, and they call that buttermilk. Would you like to taste it, Sue?"

Sue, who had drunk the last of her glass of sweet milk, nodded her curly head. But when Daddy Brown put his glass to her lips, and just let her sip the buttermilk he had been drinking, Sue made such a funny face that Bunny laughed aloud.

"Oh—oh! It—it's sour—like lemons!" cried Sue.

"Yes, it is sour!" said Mr. Brown. "But that is why I like it."

"I like molasses cookies better," said Sue, as she took a bite from one to cleanse away the sour taste in her mouth. "You can make just as good cookies as my mother or my Aunt Lu can," said Sue to Mrs. Trimble.

"Can I? I'm glad to hear that," said the farmer's wife, with a smile. "Have some to put in your pockets."

"Oh, I'm afraid you've given them too many already," objected Mr. Brown.

"Molasses cookies won't hurt children; nor

milk won't either," the farmer said. "Any time you're over this way stop in. I'm sorry you can't find that boy Tom. And I'm sorry I was a bit cross with him, or maybe he'd be here yet. But I haven't seen him."

Splash was rested now, and clean. And he had had a good drink of cold water, so he was ready to start again. The children, too, felt like walking, and, after having thanked the farmer and his wife, Mr. Brown set off once more with Bunny and Sue, Splash following behind.

"Come again!" Mrs. Trimble invited them.

"We will, thank you," answered Daddy Brown.

"She's real nice; isn't she?" asked Bunny, when they were once more in the road.

"Yes," said Daddy Brown.

"And I like that farmer, too," said Sue. "I didn't like him at first, when he shook his fist and was so cross, but I like him now."

"Yes, he is different from what he was at first," returned her father. "But I'm afraid we've seen the last of Tom. He must have run away. Maybe he was afraid, after all,

that Mr. Trimble would stay cross, and would try to get him back onto the farm. Well, it's too bad, for Tom was a nice boy, but it can't be helped."

"I'd like Tom back," said Bunny.

"So would I," added Sue.

"What's the matter, Splash?" asked Mr. Brown, for the big dog had run up the side of a little hill along the road, and was barking at a hole in the ground.

"Maybe he thinks the fox lives there," said Bunny.

"Maybe," said Daddy. "Come on, Splash. Even if that is the hole of the fox he isn't there now. You chased him too far away. Come on!"

But Splash did not want to come. He pawed away the dirt at the side of the hole, and put his sharp nose down inside it.

"There must be *something* there, Daddy," said Bunny, standing still, and looking up the hill at the dog. "Let's go and see what it is."

"If it's a fox I'm not going!" cried Sue, holding back.

"I don't believe it's a fox," said Mr. Brown.

"But we'll take a look. I'll carry you, Sue, and then, even if it is some animal in the hole, you won't be afraid."

Sue didn't mind going closer if her father carried her, and soon the two children, and Mr. Brown, were looking down into the hole at which Splash was barking.

All at once a light brown animal, covered with fur, and larger than the muskrat Splash had barked at in the lake, stuck its head out of the hole.

"Oh, look!" cried Bunny. "It's a little bear!"

"No, that's a ground-hog, or woodchuck," explained Mr. Brown. "They won't hurt you. This must be the old father or mother, and there may be little ones in the hole, or burrow, so the old folks want Splash to go away."

But Splash did not want to go. He barked louder than ever at the sight of the woodchuck, and pawed at the dirt with his fore paws. But he could not reach the brown, furry animal.

"Come away, Splash!" called Mr. Brown.

Still Splash barked.

Then, all at once, the woodchuck thrust out

his head quickly, and made a grab for one of Splash's paws. The dog howled, and ran down the hill.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "Now I guess you'll leave the woodchucks alone, Splash."

"Oh, is Splash hurt?" asked Bunny, for the dog was running along on three legs, holding the other up off the ground.

"Oh, I guess he isn't hurt much," Mr. Brown said. "Come here, Splash, until I look at your foot."

Splash limped up. He was not badly bitten. The woodchuck had just pinched him to drive him away. Splash looked at the hole and barked. But he did not offer to go near it again. So the old lady, or old gentleman, ground-hog—whichever it was—with the little ones, was left safe in the burrow on the side of the hill.

Mr. Brown, Bunny, Sue and Splash went on to the village. They bought the things Mother Brown wanted and then started for camp again. Nothing much happened on the way back. Mrs. Brown was told of the visit

to Mr. Trimble's, and how the fox ran out of the smoke-house.

"And now," said Bunny, as his father finished telling what had happened, "now I'm going up to see if we've caught a fox or a ground-hog in my box trap. Come on, Sue."

"All right. I'm coming, Bunny, but if it is a fox or a ground-hog, you won't let him bite me; will you?"

"Course I won't, Sue!" said the little fellow, picking up a stick from beside the sleeping-tent. "Come on!"

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue were soon at the place where Bunny had set the box-trap, with the stone on top to hold it down, in case an animal got beneath.

"Now go easy, Sue!" whispered Bunny, as they crept through the bushes. "If there's a fox, or anything else, just going in, we don't want to scare him away."

"No," said Sue. "I won't make any noise."

She walked along quietly behind her brother. Now they were in sight of the box-trap Bunny had made.

"Is—is anything in it?" Sue asked.

"Yes, I think so," her brother answered. "Don't make a noise. The box is down, and I guess something is under it. I hope it's a fox."

"I don't," said Sue. "Foxes bite."

"Well, you can sell 'em for a lot of money," argued Bunny. "And maybe I could train this one. But maybe it's only a ground-hog."

"I don't like them either," said Sue, "'cause one bit Splash."

"Say, what kind of animals *do* you like?" asked Bunny, turning to look at his sister. "What would you like me to catch in my trap?"

"A nice kitty cat," said Sue quickly. "Then I could have her to play with, and she'd like me and my dolls. Couldn't you catch a nice white kitty cat, Bunny?"

Bunny did not answer. He was looking at his box trap. His eyes opened widely.

"Oh, look, Sue!" he cried. "Look! My trap is moving! Something big is under the box!"

CHAPTER XXI

BUNKER GOES ASHORE

"BUNNY! Bunny! I—I want to go home!" cried Sue.

"What for?" asked her brother. "It's nice here, and I've got something in the trap, Sue."

"I know it, Bunny. I can see it move. That's why I want to go back to camp."

"Are you 'fraid, Sue?"

Sue nodded her head, and clasped closer in her arms the doll she had brought with her.

"Wait until we see what's in the trap—under the box," said Bunny. "I'll lift it up and look under. If it's a fox I won't let him out."

Bunny started toward the box that was still moving slowly about on the big flat rock where Bunny had set his trap.

"Don't you touch it!" cried Sue. "Don't lift up the box, Bunny!"

"Why not?" he asked.

"'Cause the fox might get out and bite us. Let it alone."

Bunny stood still and looked at the box. It had stopped moving for a while. Then it began again, going about in a sort of circle.

"Why—why!" cried Sue. "It's just like Blind Man's Buff!"

And, really, that is how the box moved about, just like some boy or girl, with a handkerchief tied over his or her eyes, trying to move about to catch someone, and yet trying not to bang into a tree or the fence.

"The fox, woodchuck, or whatever it is under my box," said Bunny Brown, "can't see which way he's going. That's why the box jiggles around so funny. But I'm going to see what's under it."

"If you lift it up, I'm going back to camp," declared Sue, turning back.

"But I want to see what it is!" cried Bunny. "I've caught an animal, and I want to look at it!"

You remember I told you he had fixed up a box, raised at one end by a little stick. Under the box were some good things to eat, such as

animals and birds like. Bunny had tied a long string to the stick, and he and Sue had hid in the bushes, ready to pull the string, pull out the little stick, and let the box trap fall down on whatever was eating the bait.

But all Bunny caught were some sparrows, which he let go. Then he had set the trap again, and had gone off. Now there was something under the box, that was sure.

"How do you think it got caught, Bunny?"

"I guess the fox—or whatever it is—crawled under the box to get the cake crumbs, and he bumped against the stick, knocked it away, and the box came down on him," Bunny said. "Sue, I do want to see what I've caught."

"You—you might get bit," his sister said.

Bunny thought that over for a minute.

"I know how I could do it," he said.

"How?" Sue wanted to know.

"I could get a long stick, and lift the box up with that. Then as soon as the fox came out, we could run, and we wouldn't be near enough for him to bite us."

"Oh, Bunny! That would be a good way, I'll stay and watch if you do it like that."

Bunny found a long pole, like a fishing rod. Holding this out in front of him, he walked toward the box. He tried to raise it up, but the stone on top made it too heavy.

"Push off the stone first," said Sue.

Bunny had not thought of that. With two or three shoves of his pole he knocked the stone off the top of the box. Then, once more, he tried to raise his trap to see what was under it.

All at once the children heard some one calling:

"Bunny! Sue! Where are you?"

"That's Bunker Blue," said Bunny.

"Here we are!" answered Sue. "Bunny's got something in his trap! Come and help us get it, Bunker."

There was a noise in the bushes, a dog barked, and along came the red-haired boy and Splash. The box was moving about more quickly now, for the heavy stone was not on top.

"Say, you have caught something!" cried Bunker. "There's surely something under the box, Bunny."

"It's a fox," said Bunny.

"Or maybe a ground-hog," added Sue.

"Maybe, and maybe not," went on Bunker. "We'll have a look. Here, let me take your pole, Bunny. Splash, you be ready to grab whatever it is!"

With a sudden push Bunker upset the box. Out ran a gray and brown animal.

"Oh, look!" cried Bunny.

"Is it a fox? Oh, don't let it bite me!" cried Sue, and she ran toward Bunker, who caught her up in his arms.

Splash, with a bark, sprang toward the little animal that had run out of Bunny's box trap. But the little animal, instead of running away, just curled up into a ball and stayed there. And Splash stopped short. He barked at the animal but did not try to bite it.

"He's afraid of it, and no wonder!" said Bunker. "Best leave that alone, Splash!"

"What is it?" asked Bunny.

"It's a hedgehog, or a prickly porcupine," said Bunker. "That animal is all covered with sharp quills, like a lot of toothpicks. They aren't very tightly fastened to him, and if a

dog, or some other animal, tries to bite, he gets his mouth full of sharp, slivery quills from the hedgehog. That makes the dog's mouth very sore, and he can't bite anything again for a long time. That's why the hedgehog curls himself up into a little ball. In that way he is all covered with quills that stick out in every way. No dog or any other animal, can bite without getting badly hurt. I guess you'd better let the porcupine go, Bunny."

"I will," said the little fellow. "I don't want Splash hurt. Come away, Splash!"

Splash did not care very much about biting or worrying the hedgehog. The dog barked once or twice, and then came away. Then the porcupine uncurled himself, and ran off into the wood.

"Well, I caught *something* in my trap, anyhow," said Bunny.

"That's what you did," said Bunker Blue. "And the hedgehog, walking around under the box, kept pushing it along with his head. He was trying to find a way out. Come on back to camp now. Supper is ready and your mother sent me to find you."

The next two days it rained, and Bunny and Sue did not have much fun at Camp Rest-a-While. They had to stay in the tents. But the third day it cleared off, and the wind blew away the storm clouds.

That afternoon Bunker took Bunny and Sue out in the boat, fishing. They took with them some lunch to eat, and a bottle of milk to drink if they got thirsty. Sue also took an old umbrella to keep the sun off herself and her doll.

Bunker rowed the boat half way across the lake, and tied it to one of the trees that grew on a little island. There he and Bunny fished, but they did not catch anything.

"Maybe if we went on the island we would catch something," said Bunny. "May we, Bunker?"

"Well, I don't know. We might," said the red-haired boy. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go ashore on the island, and try fishing a bit. If I have any luck I'll come back and get you two. You and Sue stay in the boat, Bunny, until I come back." Then the big boy got out and went ashore, leaving Bunny and Sue in the boat.

CHAPTER XXII

IN THE WOODS

BUNKER BLUE seemed to be gone a long time. Five, ten—fifteen minutes went past and he did not come back. Bunny and Sue began to get tired.

"He must be catching a lot of fish," said Bunny, after a bit, while he dangled his own hook in the water. Bunny wasn't catching anything—he didn't have even a nibble, though he was using the right kind of hook and line, and he had a real "squiggily" worm on his hook—Bunker had put it there for him.

"Maybe Bunker caught a big fish," said Sue, "and it pulled him into the water, eh, Bunny?"

Bunny shook his head.

"No," he said. "That didn't happen."

"Maybe it might," went on Sue. "There might be big fish in this lake. Or maybe it

was a muskrat, like the one Splash barked at."

Splash, asleep up in the front of the boat, hearing his name spoken, looked up and wagged his tail.

"I didn't call you," said Sue. "But, oh, Bunny! maybe Bunker *did* fall in!"

Bunny shook his head again.

"No, he didn't fall in," said the little fellow. "If he had we'd have heard him holler, and he hasn't hollered."

Sue thought that over. It seemed all right. She knew she would "holler," as Bunny called it, if she fell into the water, and of course if a big fish or a muskrat had pulled in Bunker, he, too, would cry out. And it had been very still and quiet since the red-haired boy had gone ashore on the island.

"I know what we can do," said Bunny, after a bit.

"What?" asked Sue.

"We can untie the boat, and row around to the other side of the island where Bunker went," suggested Bunny. "He told us not to get out of the boat until he came back, and we won't, 'cause mother told us to mind Bun-

ker. But he didn't tell us not to row the boat around where he is."

"That's right," agreed Sue. "We can do that."

Bunny and Sue knew something about boats, and they could each row a little. So while Bunny loosed the rope by which the boat was tied, Sue took up one oar. Then Bunny took the other. He shoved the boat out a little way. It began to move, first slowly, and then faster. All at once Sue cried:

"Oh, Bunny! My umbrella!"

It was open, and a gust of wind almost blew it out of the boat. Bunny caught the umbrella just in time. To do this he had to let go of his oar, and it slid overboard, into the water. But Bunny was not thinking about the oar just then. He had a new idea.

As he held the open umbrella he felt the wind blowing strongly against it. The wind was almost strong enough to blow the umbrella out of his hands. But he held on tightly.

"Oh, Bunny, your oar is gone!" cried Sue, as she saw it float away.

"I—I can't help it," answered her brother. "I can't reach it, Sue. You get it."

"I can't. It's too far away."

"Well, let it go!" cried Bunny. "I know something else we can do, Sue. Oh, this will be fun! It's better than fishing!"

Sue was pulling, as best she could, on her one oar. But boats are not meant to be rowed with one oar, though you can scull, or paddle, with one. If you row with one oar your boat swings around in a circle, instead of going straight ahead.

"I can't row this way, Bunny!" called Sue. She knew enough about boats for that. "You'll have to get your oar, Bunny."

"We won't need it, Sue," called her brother. "Take in your oar. We won't need that either. We're going to sail. Look! the umbrella is just like a sail."

And so it was. The wind, blowing on the open umbrella Bunny held, was sending the rowboat along just as if a sail had been hoisted. The boat was moving quite fast now. Bunny and Sue were so pleased that they did not think about the lost oar, which had fallen

overboard and had floated away. As Bunny had said, they did not need oars now.

"Isn't this fun!" cried Bunny.

"Yes," said Sue. "I like it. My dolly likes it, too! Do you like it, Splash?"

Splash did not answer. He hardly ever did answer, except with a bark or a whine, when Bunny or Sue spoke to him, and the children did not understand dog language. Anyhow, Splash seemed to like the umbrella sail, for he stretched out in the bottom of the boat and went to sleep.

Bunny held the open umbrella, and Sue held her doll. Of course, the doll had nothing to do with the sailing of the boat, but Sue kept her in her arms.

"You aren't going to sail very far; are you, Bunny?" asked Sue as the boat kept on going faster and faster.

"Not very far," Bunny answered. "We'll just sail around the end of the island where Bunker went fishing."

Now this would have been all right if the children had sailed around the end of the island where Bunker Blue happened to be. But

they did not. It was not their fault, either. For Bunker had gone to the other end of the island, and he was sitting on a log, waiting for a fish to bite.

You see, this is the way it was. Bunker Blue told about it afterward. He went on the island, leaving Bunny and Sue in the boat. Bunker walked to the lower end of the island. Bunny and Sue saw him going. He was going to try for fish there.

But when the red-haired boy got to that end of the island he saw that the water was so shallow that no large fish could be caught in it.

"I'll just go to the other end," thought Bunker.

So, without calling to Bunny and Sue, Bunker walked along the other shore of the island, to the upper end. And Bunny and Sue, being behind a lot of trees and bushes, did not know that Bunker was not in the place where he had said he was going.

Bunker found the water deep enough at the upper end of the island, and there he sat down to fish.

"I'll just see if they're biting good here," he said to himself, "and, if they are, I'll go back and get the children."

Bunker had to wait quite a while for his first bite, and by that time Bunny and Sue had decided to start off themselves in the boat. And so they did, with the umbrella for a sail, as I have told you.

Faster and faster they went, around the lower end of the island. They expected to see Bunker there, but they did not, because he was at the upper end.

"Why—why—Bunker isn't here," said Sue, in surprise.

"Then we'd better go back," announced Bunny, still holding to the umbrella. "Stick your oar in the water, Sue, and steer back to where we were."

You can steer a boat with one oar, if you can't row it with one, and Sue knew a little bit about steering. But the oar was too heavy for Sue's little hands, and it soon slipped over into the lake. She tried to grab it, but was too late. The second oar was lost overboard.

"Oh, dear!" Sue cried. "It's gone."

FASTER AND FASTER THEY WENT. *Page* 216.

Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue at Camp Rest-a-While.

"Never mind," said Bunny. "We don't need oars with the umbrella for a sail. Only we can't sail back where we were unless the wind blows the other way. And I don't see where Bunker is."

"Maybe he's gone home and left us," said Sue.

"He couldn't—not without a boat," objected Bunny. "We'll have to sail over to camp and get daddy or Uncle Tad to row back for him."

"Yes, let's sail to our camp," agreed Sue. "Won't they be s'prised to see us come up this way with an umbrella?"

"I guess they will," said Bunny.

The wind blew stronger. It was all Bunny could do to hold to the umbrella now. The wind almost blew it from his hands. Even with Sue to help him it was hard work.

"If you could only tie it fast," suggested Sue.

"Maybe I can," said Bunny. "Here's a rope."

The rope by which the boat had been tied to a tree on the island lay in the bottom of

the boat. The umbrella had a crooked handle, and the tying of one end of the rope around this, helped Bunny to hold the queer sail.

The boat now went on faster and faster.

"Why, there's our camp, away over there!" cried Sue, pointing. "Why don't you sail to it, Bunny?"

Bunny looked. Indeed, the white tents of Camp Rest-a-While were on the other side of the lake—far away. And the wind was blowing the boat farther and farther off. Bunny and Sue could not get back to camp, for now they had nothing with which to steer their boat. Of course, if the wind had been blowing toward the tents, instead of away from it, they could have gotten there without steering. But now they could not.

"Oh, dear!" cried Sue. "Where are we going, Bunny?"

"We are going to the woods, I guess," he said. They were sailing toward the wooded shores of the lake, away on the other side from their camp, and a long way down from the island where they had left Bunker Blue.

Harder blew the wind on the umbrella sail. Faster went the boat. Finally it ran up on shore, right where the woods came down to the edge of the lake.

Splash jumped out with a bark, and began stretching himself. He did not like to stay too long in a boat. He wanted to run about on shore.

"Bunny, where are we?" asked Sue.

"I don't know," answered her brother. "But we are on land somewhere, I guess. It's nice woods, anyhow."

The trees and bushes grew thick all about.

"Let's get out," Bunny went on. He shut down the umbrella sail, and took off the rope. Then he tied the boat to a tree. He got out, and helped Sue.

"Where's our camp?" the little girl wanted to know.

Bunny looked across the lake. He could not see the white tents. Neither could Sue.

"Bunny—Bunny," said the little girl slowly. "I—I guess—we're losted again."

"I—I guess so, too," agreed Bunny Brown.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE CAVE

SPLASH, the big, shaggy dog, ran up and down the shore of the lake, poking his nose in among the bushes here and there, barking loudly all the while.

"What's the matter with Splash?" asked Sue of her brother. "Is there a wild animal here, Bunny?"

"No, I don't guess so," the little boy answered. "Splash is wagging his tail, and he wouldn't do that if there were wild animals around. He doesn't like a wild animal. I guess Splash is just glad 'cause he is out of a boat. Splash doesn't like a boat."

"I do," said Sue. "But we didn't ought to have come away in the boat all alone, Bunny. Mother told us not to, you know."

"I know she did, Sue, but we couldn't help it. We were just going to look for Bunker

Blue and the wind blowed us away from the island. We couldn't help it."

"No, I don't guess we could, Bunny. But what are we going to do now?"

"I guess we'll have to walk back to Camp Rest-a-While," answered Bunny. "We can leave the boat here, and Bunker can come and get it."

"Can't we sail back in our boat, with the umbrella, same as we sailed down here?" Sue wanted to know.

"We could if the wind would blow right, but it isn't," said Bunny. He had been among his father's boatmen often enough to know that you have to go with the wind, and not against it, when you're sailing a boat. "We'll have to walk, Sue."

"Let's holler and yell," said the little girl, as she straightened out the dress of her doll.

"What for?"

"So daddy or mother can hear us," Sue went on. "If we holler real loud they may hear us, and come and get us in another boat. If we hadn't lost the oars, Bunny, we could row back."

"Yes, but the oars are lost. I guess we'll just have to stay here, Sue. We're losted again. But I'm not afraid. It's nice here, and if we get hungry I can catch a fish. I have my pole, and there's a worm on my hook yet."

"Is he a squiggily worm?" Sue wanted to know.

"He *was* kind of squiggily," answered Bunny, "but I guess he's all done squiggling now. He's deaded."

"Then I wouldn't be afraid of him," Sue said. "I could fish with him, too. I don't like squiggily worms. They tickle you so."

Bunny walked back to the boat, which the wind had blown partly up on shore. He looked for his fishing pole and line, and, after he had taken it out, he saw the little basket of lunch his mother had put up. It had not yet been opened.

"Oh, Sue!" Bunny cried. "Look! We've got our lunch! And there's a bottle of milk, too! Now we can have a picnic!"

"And you won't have to catch any fish!" cried Sue, clapping her hands. "I'm hungry Bunny. Let's have the picnic now!"

Bunny was willing, for he was hungry too, and the children, taking the basket of lunch, sat down in a shady place on the shore to eat. As Sue was taking off the napkins, in which the sandwiches and cakes were wrapped, she happened to think of something.

"Oh, Bunny!" Sue said. "Part of this lunch was for Bunker Blue."

Bunny thought for a second or two.

"Well, Bunker isn't here now," he said, "and he can't get here, less'n he swims. I don't guess he'll want any lunch, Sue."

"And anyhow, he can catch a fish," said Sue. "Bunker is good at fishing, and he likes to eat 'em."

"I wonder where Bunker is now," pondered Bunny.

He looked back up the lake. He could not see the island where they had left Bunker. It was out of sight around a bend in the lake shore.

"Do you think he'll swim down here and want some lunch?" asked Sue.

"No," answered Bunny. "We can eat all this. Bunker won't come."

And so the children began on their lunch, sharing some of it with Splash, who, after a bath in the lake, lay down in the sun to dry himself.

By this time Bunker Blue, back on the far end of the island, had caught three fine, big fish. He was so excited and glad about getting them that, for a while, he forgot all about Bunny Brown and his sister Sue. Then he happened to remember them.

"I'll go back to the boat and get the children," said Bunker Blue to himself. "They can catch fish here, and that will tickle Bunny. He never yet caught real big fish like these."

But when Bunker went to the place where he had left Bunny and Sue in the boat, the children were not there, nor was there any sight of the boat. Bunker had been fishing by himself longer than he thought, and by this time Bunny and Sue were out of sight around a bend in the shore.

Bunker rubbed his eyes. Then he looked again. There was no doubt of it—the boat was gone, and so were the children.

"Where can they be?" asked Bunker, aloud. But there was no one on the little island to answer him.

Then the red-haired boy happened to think that perhaps Bunny might have taken the boat around to the other end of the island. Bunker quickly ran there, but no boat was to be seen.

"They've either drifted away," said Bunker, "or else they've rowed themselves away. It's too bad; but they know how to behave in a boat, that's one good thing. They won't try to stand up, and so fall overboard. I wonder if I could call to them?"

Bunker shouted, but Bunny and Sue were too far away to hear him. Bunker then sat down on a stone. He did not know what to do. He looked over to the main shore, where he could just see the white tents of Camp Rest-a-While.

"Well, if we don't come back pretty soon, Mr. Brown will know something is wrong, and he'll get another boat and come over here," thought Bunker. "Then I can tell him what has happened, and we can go and look for the

children. I guess they'll be all right. All I can do is to wait."

All this while Bunny and Sue were eating their lunch. They were not frightened now, and they very much enjoyed their little umbrella-sail excursion in the boat and the picnic they were having.

But, pretty soon, it began to grow cloudy, and then it began to rain.

"I don't like this," said Sue. "I want to go home, Bunny."

Bunny, himself, would have been glad to be in camp with his father and mother, but he thought, being a boy, he must be brave, and look after his little sister, so he said:

"Oh, I guess this rain won't be very bad, Sue. We'll go back into the woods, under the trees. Then we can keep dry. And we'll take the lunch, too. There'll be enough for supper."

"Will we have to stay here for supper?" asked Sue.

"Maybe," answered Bunny. "But if we do it will be fun. Come on!"

It was now raining hard. Bunny carried

the lunch basket, with the bottle of milk—now half emptied—in one hand. The other hand clasped Sue's. They went back in the wood a little way, and, all at once, Bunny saw something that made him call:

"Oh, Sue! Here's a good place to get in out of the rain!"

"What is it?" Sue asked.

"A cave!" cried Bunny. "It's a regular cave, like robbers live in! Come on, Sue! Now we're all right! Oh, this is fun!" and Bunny ran forward into the dark hole in the side of the hill—right into the cave he ran.

CHAPTER XXIV

"WHO IS THERE?"

SUE did not run into the cave after her brother Bunny. She stood, hugging her doll close to her, under a big, evergreen tree, so that only a few drops of rain splashed on her.

Bunny Brown, standing in the "front door" of the cave, as he called it, looked at his sister.

"Come on in, Sue!" he called. "It's nice here, and you can't get wet at all."

"I—I don't want to," Sue answered.

"Why not?" Bunny wanted to know.

"'Cause," and that was all Sue would say. Then it began to rain harder, and the drops even splashed down through the thick branches of the evergreen tree.

"Oh, come on!" cried Bunny. "It's nice here, and dry, Sue. Why won't you come?"

"'Cause I don't like those robbers!" an-

swered Sue at last. "I'd rather stay out in the rain than go in with those robbers."

"What robbers?" asked Bunny, his eyes opening wide.

"You said that was a robbers' cave," declared Sue, "and I don't like 'em."

Bunny laughed.

"There's no robbers here, Sue," he said. "I only meant that this *looks* just like the pictures of a robbers' cave. There isn't any robbers here. Come on in. It's nice and dry here."

"Are you sure there's no robbers?" Sue wanted to know.

"Sure," said Bunny. "Listen!" He went back a little farther in the cave and cried:

"Robbers! Robbers! Go on away! That will drive 'em off, Sue," he said. "Now come on in."

The little girl waited a half minute, to make sure no robbers came out after Bunny's call. Then she, too, ran into the cave.

"Isn't it nice here?" Bunny asked.

"Ye—yes, I—I guess so," and Sue spoke slowly. She was not quite sure about it. "But it—it's dark," she went on.

"All caves are dark," Bunny Brown answered. "They have to be dark or they wouldn't be caves. Nobody ever saw a light cave."

"Well, I like a light cave best," said Sue. "How long has we got to stay here, Bunny?"

"Till Daddy comes for us, I guess," he said. "We can't walk back to camp all alone. I don't know the way. We'd get losted worse than we are now."

"Has we got to stay here all night?" Sue wanted to know.

"Well, maybe," said Bunny slowly. "But we could easy sleep here. There's some nice dried leaves we could make into a bed, and we've some of our lunch left. We can eat that for supper, and save a little for breakfast."

"What will we give Splash?" asked Sue. She had looked over Bunny's shoulder as he now opened the lunch basket. There did not seem very much left for two hungry children and a dog. Splash was now nosing about in the cave. He did not bark, and Bunny and Sue knew there could be no one in the hole but themselves—no wild animals or anything.

"There isn't enough to give Splash much," said Bunny slowly. "But maybe he can dig himself up a bone in the woods. We can leave the crusts for him. Splash likes crusts."

"I don't," Sue said. "He can have all of mine."

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue had not yet learned to like the crusts of their bread. But Splash was not so particular.

The wind was now blowing harder, and the rain was flowing in the front of the cave. It blew in the faces of the children.

"Come on farther back," said Bunny, as he saw Sue wrapping her dress around her doll to keep off the rain.

"It—it's too dark," Sue answered.

Bunny walked back a little way. Then he cried:

"Oh, Sue. Come on back here. It's real light here. There's a chimbly here and the light comes down it fine!"

"You come and get me—I can't see—it's so dark," Sue answered.

Bunny had left her standing near the front part of the cave, where it was still light, and

he had run back into the dark part. There, half way back, he had found a place where there was a hole in the roof—a "chimbly," as Bunny called it.

Through this hole, or chimney, light came down, but between that place, and the entrance, was a dark spot. And it was this dark patch that Sue did not want to cross alone.

"I'll come and get you," Bunny called, and, a minute later, he and Sue were standing together under the hole in the cave roof. Some few drops of rain came down this chimney, but by standing back a little way the children could keep nice and dry, and, at the same time, they were not in the dark.

"Isn't this nice, Sue?" asked Bunny.

"Yes," she said. "I like it better here."

It was a good place for the children to be in out of the storm. They were far enough back in the cave now so that the wind could not blow on them, and no rain could reach them. Splash had come this far back into the cave with them, and was sniffing about.

Bunny walked around the light place, and found some boxes and old bags. In one of

the boxes were some pieces of dried bread, and an end of bacon. There was also a tin pail and a frying pan. And, off to one side, were some ashes. Bunny also saw where a pile of bags had been made into a sort of bed.

"Look, Sue," said the little boy. "I guess real people used to live in this cave. Here is where they made their fire, and cooked, and they slept on the pile of bags. We can sleep there to-night, if daddy doesn't come after us."

"But I hope he comes!" exclaimed Sue.

Bunny hoped so, too, but he thought he wouldn't say so. He wanted to be brave, and make believe he liked it in the cave.

"I—I'm thirsty," said Sue, after a bit. "I want a drink, Bunny."

"I'll give you some of the milk, Sue. There's half a bottle of it left."

"I'd rather have water, Bunny."

"I don't guess there's any water here, Sue," answered Bunny.

Then he listened to a sound. It was Splash, lapping up water from somewhere in the cave. It did not sound very far off.

"There's water!" Bunny cried. "Splash

has found a spring. Now I can get you a drink, Sue. Splash, where is that water?"

Splash barked, and came running to his little master. Bunny walked to the place from which Splash had come, and there he found a spring of water coming out of the rocky side of the cave. It fell into a little puddle, and it was from this puddle that Splash had taken his drink. Bunny held a cup under the little stream of water and got some for Sue. Then he took a drink himself.

"Say, this cave is fine!" he cried. "It's got water in it and a place for a fire. All the smoke would go up that hole. We'll get Bunker and daddy and mother and Uncle Tad and come here and have a picnic some day. Don't you like it, Sue?"

"I—I'd rather be back at Camp Rest-a-While," said the little girl. "Can't we go?"

"I'll go and see how hard it's raining," said the little boy.

He went to the front door of the cave, and looked out. It was storming very hard now. The wind was blowing the limbs of the trees about, and dashing the rain all over.

"We can't walk home in this storm," said Bunny to Sue. We'll have to stay in this cave until they come for us."

"All right," Sue said. "Then let's eat."

The children ate some more of the lunch they had brought with them.

"Now let's make the bed," said Sue. "We'll sleep on a pile of the bags, Bunny, and pull some of 'em over us for covers. Splash won't need any covers. He never sleeps in a bed."

Bunny and Sue had often "played house," and they knew how to make the old blankets, and pieces of carpet they found in the cave, into a sort of bed. It was not so light now, for it was coming on toward night, and the sky was covered with clouds.

"If we shut our eyes and go to sleep we won't mind the dark," said Bunny.

"All right—let's," agreed Sue.

They cuddled up on the bags, their arms around one another, with Sue's doll held close in her hand, while Splash lay down not far from them.

Bunny was not sure he had been asleep.

Anyhow he suddenly opened his eyes, and looked toward the chimney hole in the roof of the cave. A little light still came down it. But something else was also coming down. Bunny saw a big boy—or a small man—sliding down a grapevine rope into the cave. First Bunny saw his feet—then his legs—then his body. Bunny wondered who was coming into the cave. He made up his mind to find out.

"Who is there?" he suddenly called. "Who are you? What do you want in our cave?"

The figure sliding down the piece of grapevine into the cave, through the chimney hole, suddenly fell in a heap on the floor, close to where Bunny and Sue were lying on the pile of bags. Splash jumped up and began to bark loudly.

CHAPTER XXV

BACK IN CAMP

BUNNY BROWN tried to be brave, but when he saw someone come into the cave in the darkness, in such a queer way, the little boy did not know what to do. He thought of Sue, and felt that he must not let her get hurt, no matter what else happened.

"Oh, Bunny!" cried Sue. "Is that one of the robbers? Is it, Bunny? If it is I don't want to stay here! You said there weren't any but picture book robbers in this cave, Bunny Brown!"

Bunny did not answer right away. He did not know what to teli Sue.

But the big boy who had dropped down through the chimney hole straightened up suddenly. Bunny could see him patting Splash on the head.

And that was rather strange, for Splash did

not easily make friends with strangers. He would not bite them, but he would bark at them, until some of his friends had said it was all right, and that he need bark no more.

But, after his bark of surprise this time, Splash seemed to have suddenly made friends with the big boy who had come sliding down the chimney hole of the cave.

"Who—who are you?" asked Bunny again.

Instead of answering the big boy laughed. Then he asked:

"Are you Bunny Brown and his sister Sue?"

"Ye—yes—yes, we are," Bunny said. "But how did you know?"

"Oh, I can tell, all right."

Splash seemed very glad to meet the strange boy. There was still light enough coming down the chimney hole for Bunny to see the dog's wagging tail. And Splash did not wag his tail for persons he did not like. This must be a friend.

"Is—is you a robber?" asked Sue. She had hidden her face in the pile of bags, and was holding closely to her doll.

Again the big boy laughed.

"No, I'm not a robber," he said, "though I did take a piece of your mother's bacon. But I'll pay her back for it. How in the world did you find my cave, and where is your father, or Bunker Blue? And what are you doing out alone in this storm? Are you——"

But Bunny Brown broke in on the questions.

"Oh, I know who you are! I know who you are!" Bunny cried. "You're Tom Vine who ran away from us! Why did you run away? Daddy has been looking for you. You are Tom Vine; aren't you?"

"Yes, Bunny, I am. Wait a minute and I'll light a lantern, and you can see me better. Look out, Splash, so I won't step on you."

So that was why Splash had made such good friends with the big boy who came down the cave chimney hole—Splash knew Tom Vine, of course, even in the darkness.

Tom walked over to one of the boxes, and brought out a lantern. This he lighted. Bunny and Sue blinked their eyes at the sudden light, but they were soon used to it. Then they looked at Tom.

Yes, it was he. But he was even more ragged than when they had first seen him. He was laughing, though, and did not seem sad.

"And to think when I came home, and slid down the chimney of my cave, which I sometimes do, when I don't want to go around to the front door—to think when I did this I should find Bunny Brown and his sister Sue here!" said Tom. "How in the world did you find me?"

"We weren't looking for you," answered Bunny. "We were in the boat, with Bunker Blue. He went on an island to fish, and we sailed away with the umbrella. We landed here and I found this cave, to get out of the rain. I told Sue it was a make-believe robbers' cave."

"Well, I guess I'm the only robber who ever lived in it," said Tom. "But what are you children going to do? Tell me all about how you got here."

This Bunny and Sue did, from the time they started out with Bunker Blue, until Bunny opened his eyes to see Tom sliding down the grapevine rope.

"And now I'll tell you about myself," said Tom.

"Have you been living here in this cave ever since you went away from our camp?" asked Bunny.

"Yes," answered Tom. "This has been my home. No one knew I was here. I wanted to keep out of sight of Mr. Trimble, for fear he'd make me go back to his farm."

"Oh, he won't make you go back," said Bunny. "He's sorry he was so cross to you. He told daddy so; didn't he, Sue?"

"Yes, he did. I'm glad we found you, Tom," and she put her little hand in his big one.

"And I'm glad I found you and Bunny, Sue. And I'm glad that Mr. Trimble isn't looking for me. I was getting tired of hiding out this way. I want to go back to your camp."

"You can come," said Bunny. "Daddy wants you, I know, for he said he did. Come on back now."

"Wait a minute," said Tom. "First I'll tell you how I came here. And then, I guess, we'll have to stay until morning, as it is storming too bad to leave the cave now."

Tom then told that he had heard Mr. Trimble was looking for him, to make him go back to the farm.

"And, as I was afraid he'd catch me, I ran away from your camp that day when I went for the pail of water," said Tom. "As I was at the spring I saw Mr. Trimble going past behind some bushes. He didn't see me, because I stooped down. And when he got past I ran away. I didn't want him to get me.

"I found this cave, and I've lived in it. I took some old boxes and bags from a barn. They were thrown away, so no one wanted them, I knew. Then I found this lantern and I brought that here."

"How did you get anything to eat?" asked Bunny.

"Well, I took that," said Tom. "In the night I went back to your camp, and took some things. I didn't think your folks would care very much."

"They didn't," said Bunny. "Did you take the pie and the bacon and eggs?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I did. I have earned

some money, though, and I'll pay for them."

"And did you knock down the pile of tins?" Bunny asked, "and make the noise in the night?"

"Yes," laughed Tom. "I thought sure your folks would catch me then, but I got safely away. And ever since then I've stayed in this cave. I found it by accident. It made a nice dry place. During the day I would go off to different farms and work enough to earn a little money to buy things to eat. All the while I was afraid Mr. Trimble would find me. He was such a mean man."

"But he's turned good now," declared Bunny, "and he's sorry he was bad to you. He wouldn't even shut you up in a smoke-house," and Bunny told of finding the fox in the little house.

"So then I can go back to your camp, and Mr. Trimble won't try to get me; will he?" asked Tom.

"Nope, he won't hurt you at all," said Bunny. "And please can't we go back to our camp now? Daddy and mother will be so worried about us."

"Why, yes, I guess I can take you," said Tom. "It isn't very far, and there's a good road. I see you have an umbrella. That will keep Sue dry. You and I won't mind getting wet, Bunny; will we?"

"Nope," said the little fellow.

When they went to the entrance of the cave they found that the rain had stopped, and the moon was shining. It was quite light in the woods. Leading Bunny and Sue by the hands, with Splash following after, Tom started for Camp Rest-a-While. He stopped for a moment on top of the cave, to show the children the chimney hole, and how he had slid down it by holding on to a long grapevine, that twined around a tree growing near the hole. The grapevine was like a long rope.

Through the woods went Bunny, Sue and Tom. As they came near the camp they saw lanterns flashing, and voices called:

"Bunny! Bunny Brown! Sue! Sue! Where are you?"

"Here we are, Daddy! Here we are!" cried Bunny and Sue together. "And Tom Vine is with us!" added Bunny.

Those carrying the lantern rushed forward, and soon Bunny and Sue were clasped in their father's and mother's arms, while Uncle Tad and Bunker were shaking hands with Tom, and listening to his story of how he had found the children in the cave where he made his home.

"And to think you two went off in a boat with an umbrella for a sail!" cried Mother Brown to the children. "Don't you ever do it again!"

"We won't!" promised Bunny. "But what happened to you, Bunker?"

"Well, after you left me on the island," said the red-haired boy, "I waited until I saw your father coming after me in a boat. He took me to camp, and I told him I thought you and Sue had drifted down the lake. So we set out to find you, but you got here all right."

"And I don't want to sleep in any more caves," said Sue.

"I like it," Bunny said. "It was nice!"

The children were soon asleep in their cots in the camp tent, and after Tom had told his

story to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, he, too, was given his old bed. He had nothing more to fear from Mr. Trimble, and he need not have run away, only he was afraid of the farmer. And for that reason he did not go back to camp, or send any word to Mr. Brown.

But everything came out all right, and Mr. Trimble came over and told Tom how sorry he was for having been so unpleasant as to make him run away.

Bunny Brown and his sister Sue stayed at Camp Rest-a-While all that summer and they had much fun, and many more adventures, but I have no room to tell you about them in this book. Perhaps I may write another volume about them later. As for Tom Vine, he was taken to live in Bellemere, where he worked at Mr. Brown's boat business with Bunker Blue. He did not have to live in a cave any more, and had a good home.

And now, having told all there is to tell, I will let you say good-bye to Bunny Brown and his sister Sue.

THE END

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